No. 182
April '76
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THE CASTAWAY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: AL JAFFEE

NUMBER 182 APRIL 1976

MAD

"Still waters run deep . . . but they're usually stagnant!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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We just can't understand how you clod readers can continue to discount this offer of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, which are suitable for framing, or wrapping fish, or training puppies, or lining bird cages. So maybe this appeal will reduce your resistance, and you'll send 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

JAW'D

I enJAW'D your satire on the movie of the year!

Bruce Leibowitz
Spring Valley, N.Y.

As a new-gummer to your magazine, you could say I cut my teeth on "JAW'D" and choked with laughter at every bite! Are you always so inspired by rich, melodic music?

Marsha Clarke
S. Orange, N.J.

I was reading "JAW'D" in the tub when the movie theme coincidentally emanated from my radio. I got out of my bath, but fast!

Bob Workman
Allison Park, Pa.

Peter Benchley's JAWS, compared to Drucker and Siegel's "JAW'D", is just a bad case of overbite.

Joe Lanfrank
West Orange, N.J.

Your fish story stunk!

Brian Peck
La Mesa, Calif.

As a projectionist of a local theatre, I had the nauseating pleasure of, twice nightly, showing and watching Universal's "JAWS" for twelve disgusting weeks. Also, for 12 shaking weeks, I had headaches twice nightly thanks to another Universal "movie", namely "Earthquake". I deeply appreciate your insane, hilarious and long-awaited attacks on these shows!

Alan Sanders
Senior Projectionist
Grandview Cinema
Odessa, Texas

MIRTHQUAKE

Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres did a smashing job on "Mirthquake". When my family read it, it really brought down the house!

Ricky Ortega
San Juan Capistrano, Calif.

Dick De Bartolo's writing gave me such a tremor, my nervous system registered a devastating 8.0 on the Richter Scale!

Rick Pleva
Camp Hill, Pa.

"Mirthquake" really cracked me up!

Eleanor Gallagher
Philadelphia, Pa.

MAD'S CIA AGENT OF THE YEAR

Paul Coker, Jr. and Lou Silverstone have done it again with their unflinching (but hilarious) "MAD's CIA Agent Of The Year". It ranks with the other great "MAD Interviews" . . . the "Liberal Family" and the "Middle American Family Of The Year", which they teamed up on. What's next? "MAD's KGV Agent Of The Year"?

Ed Keane
Worcester, Mass.

The caricature and selection of Joan Baez as guest interviewer was a masterstroke!

Ava Finnerty
Bayonne, N.J.

RESTAURANT SUPPLY CATALOGUE

"Restaurant Supply Catalogue" is one of the many glories of MAD, putting our suspicions in a visual and laughable form.

Mike Carlton
Covina, Calif.

It was a pleasure sending the Koch-Clarke "Ripoff Cafe" article to my neighborhood Ripoff Cafe!

Clark Geiss
Birmingham, Mich.

THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

I would like to know if before writing a movie satire do you see the movie?

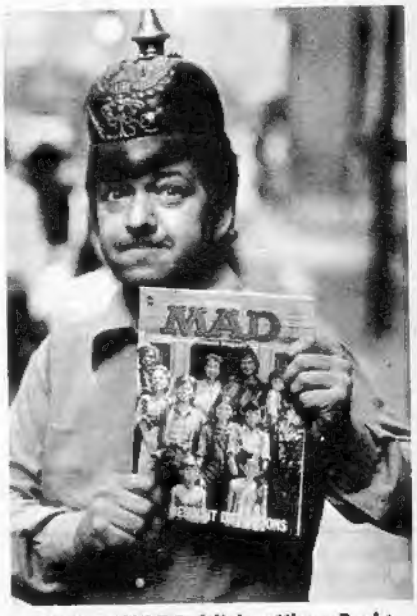
Steve Slater
Tampa, Fla.

No, we write the satire first . . . and then we see the movie!—Ed.

MAD IN GERMANY

Ve have Ordered der German Folk to Buy der German MAD. 350,000 German Folk have Obeyed der Order. Ve will Punisch der Rest.

Klaus Recht
Publisher, German MAD
Hamburg, Germany



German MAD Publisher Klaus Recht

MAD E.S.P.?

More MAD E.S.P.? Yes! Back in 1972, issue #150, to be exact, you had an article "When TV Makes Full Use Of Howard Cosell". Bet you thought that was far-fetched? Howard Cosell did get his own TV variety show. You people are either just plain clairvoyant or just plain sadistic!

Gregg Fylpaa
Huntington Beach, Calif.

6th GRADERS GO MAD

I am in 6th Grade in my school where I signed up for a class called "The Annotated MAD Magazine." In my class I am reading old MADs and learning the history of MAD.

Walter Willenkin
San Francisco, Calif.

You're working toward an M.A.D. degree? —Ed.

TIME DRAGS...TIME FLIES

Regarding Hart and Rickard's "Time Drags . . . Time Flies . . .", Time drags while you're waiting for the next issue of MAD . . . Time flies while you're reading it! Or is it the other way around?

Julie Sand
Wayne, N.J.

Time drags until your mother throws your MAD into the garbage.

Art Braunschweiger
Murray Hill, N.J.

DON MARTIN BEATS THE COST OF GAS

"Don Martin Beats The High Cost Of Gasoline" was lead free and good on smileage!

Steve La Grange
Northwood, Calif.

Don Martin should get tanked more often!

Tom Pritchard
Ocean Grove, N.J.

Don Martin is a marked man if the oil moguls ever catch up with him!

Peter Jepsen
Newtonville, Mass.

THROUGH FRANK PERDUE'S KEYHOLE

Enjoyed your "A MAD Peek Through Frank Perdue's Keyhole". But then, I was always a drumstick man!

Richard Kyle
Long Beach, Calif.

You should have shown more through the keyhole. If you ask me, photographer Tony Garcia really *cooped out!*

Adam Derman
Metuchen, N.J.

You were too chicken to show the rest!

Alfred Rowehl
Castleton on Hudson, N.Y.

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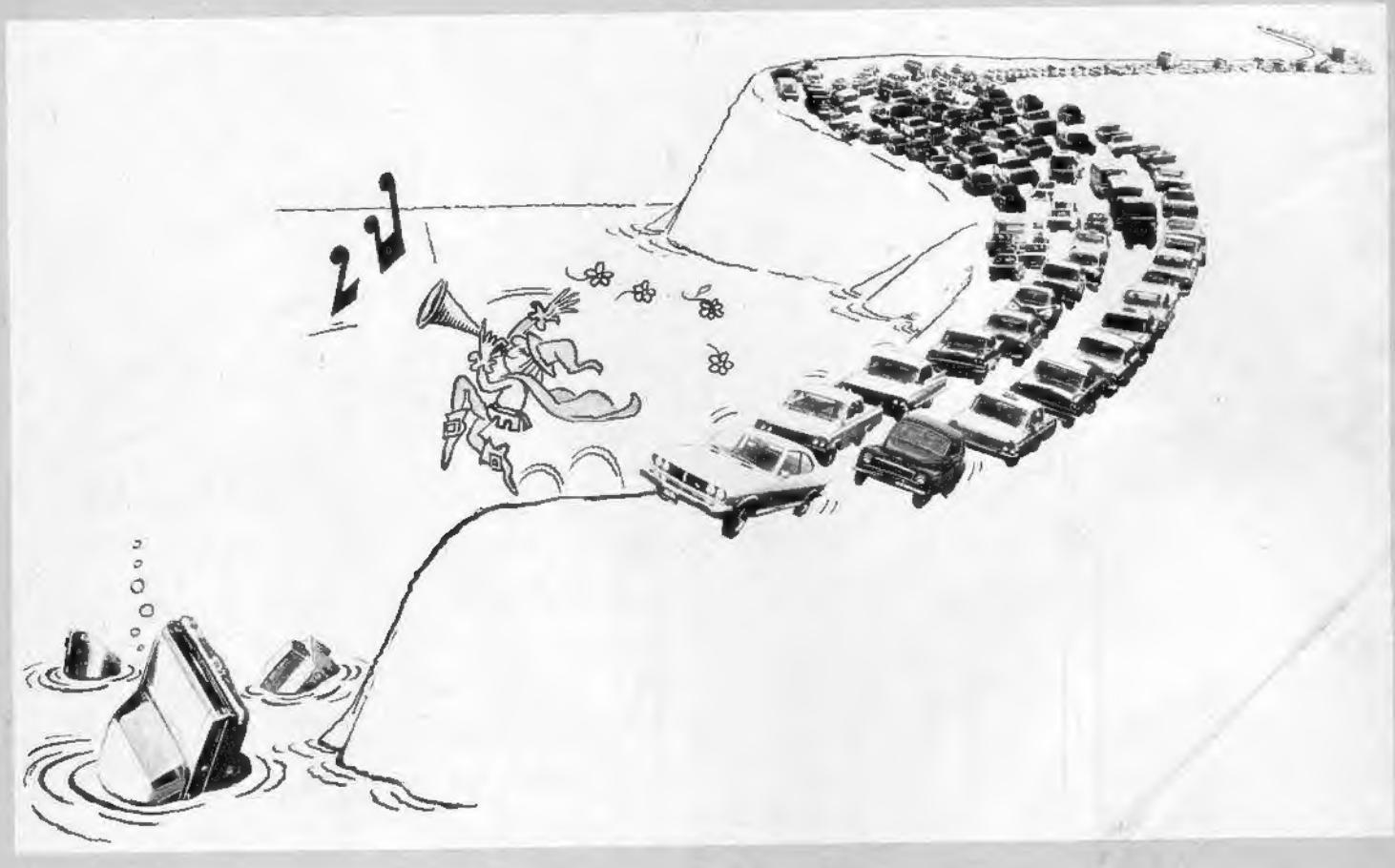
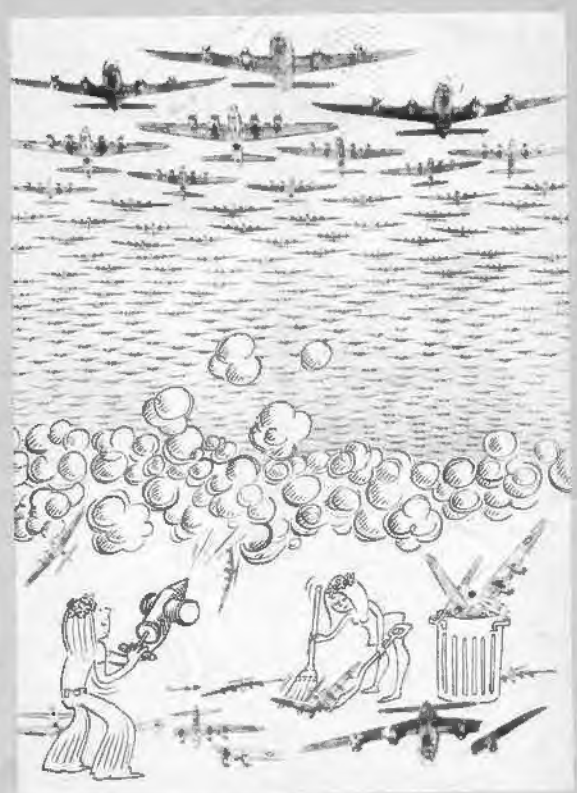
A MAD PORTFOLIO OF...SOME IDE





ALISTS' DREAMS

ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

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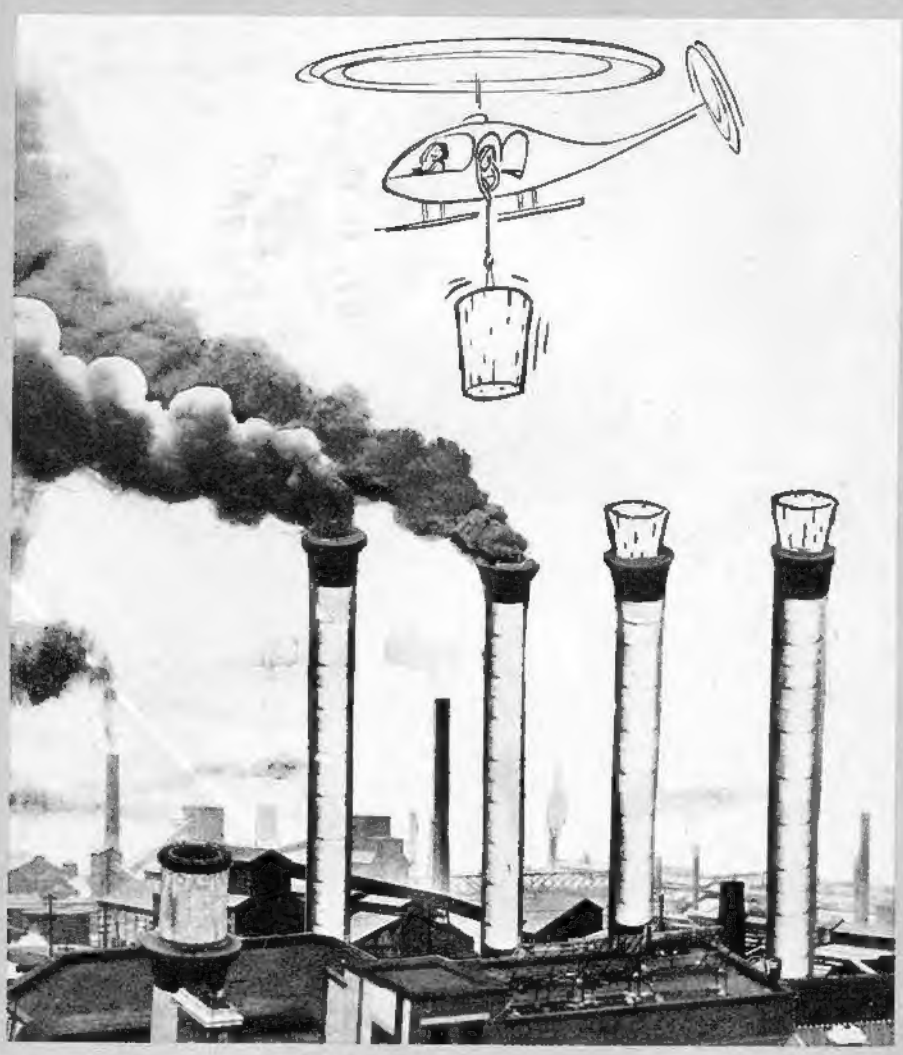

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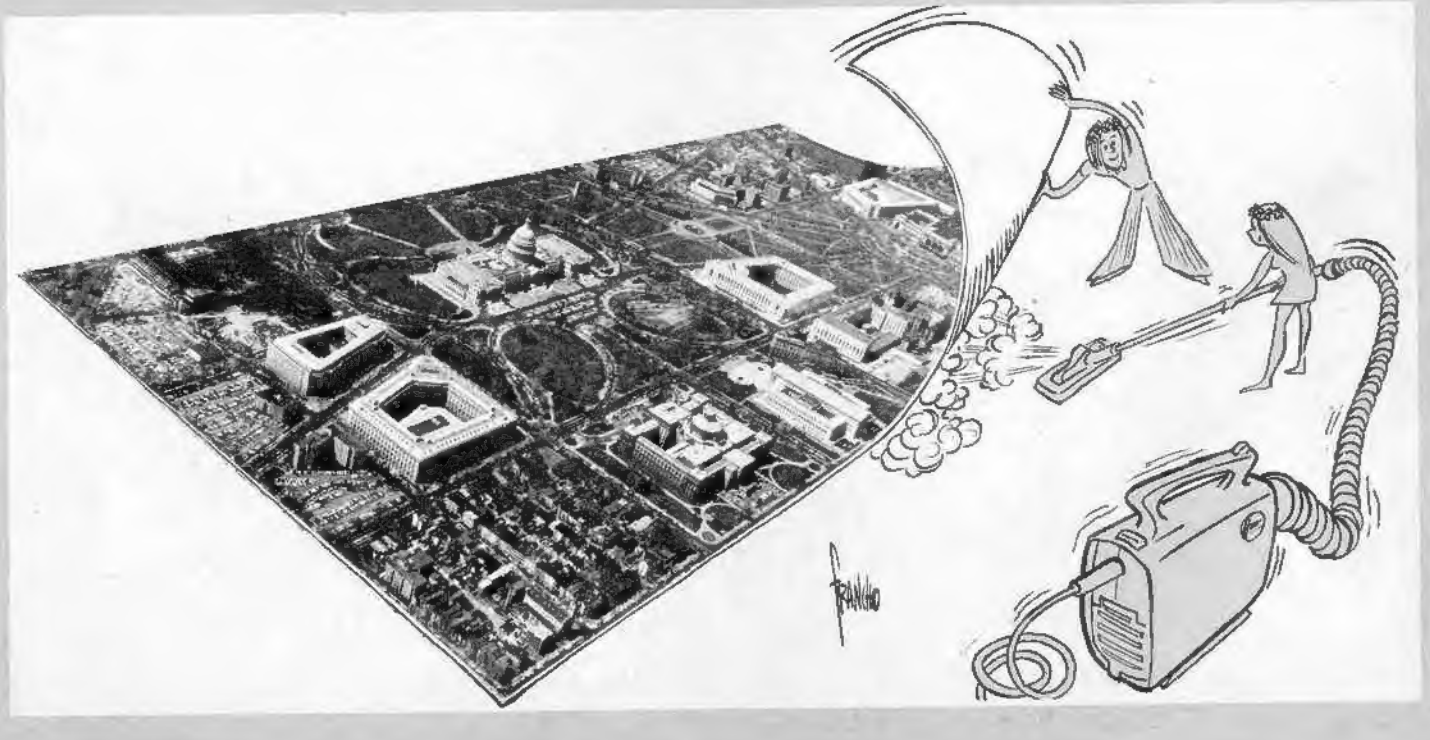

FRANCO

THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR TRILLS DEPT.

Want to make a successful "Musical"? Then take a novel like "Don Quixote" and turn it into "Man of La Mancha"... or take a play like "Pygmalion" and turn it into "My Fair Lady". Want to make an even *more* successful Musical? Then take fantastically successful movies... like "The Godfather"... and "Towering Inferno"... and "Jaws"... and turn *them* into Musicals! Which is exactly what we've done in this next article, wherein MAD proudly presents

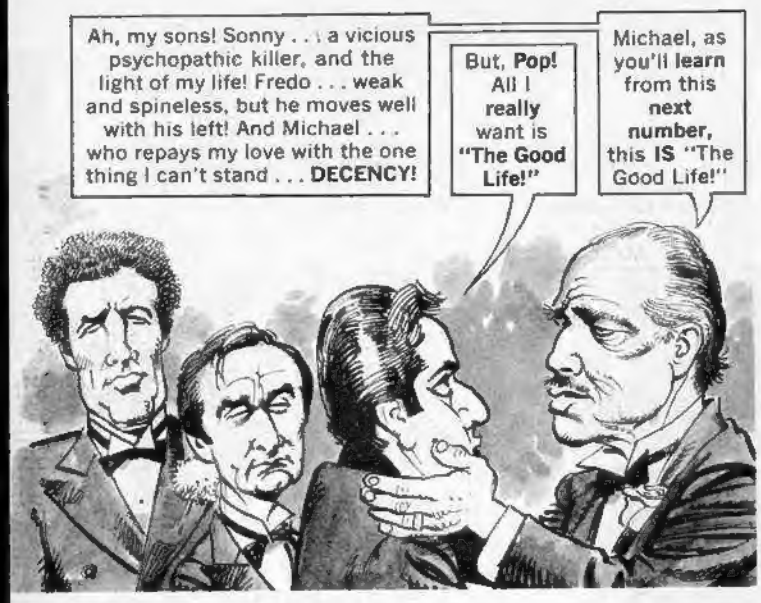
NEW MUSICALS BASED ON BIG MOVIES

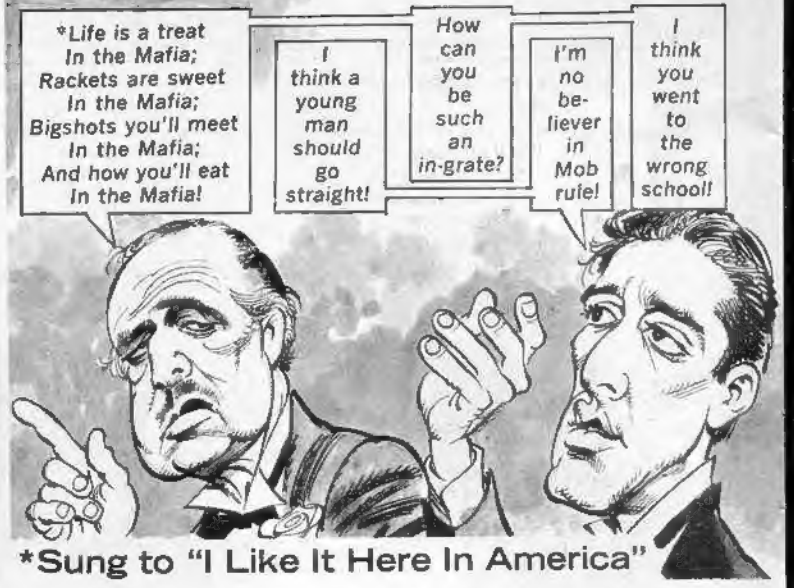
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE MOB'S ALL HERE

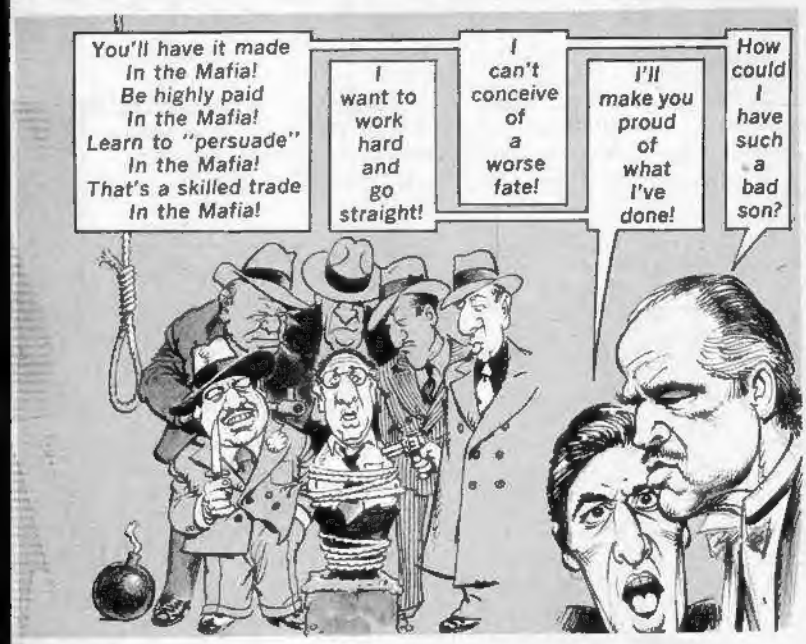
Based On "The Godfather"

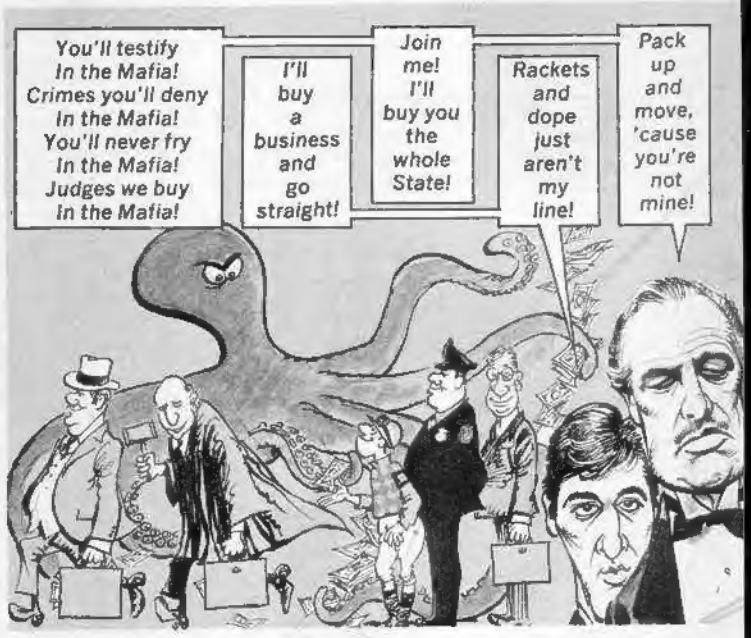
*Sung to the tune of "Matchmaker, Matchmaker"

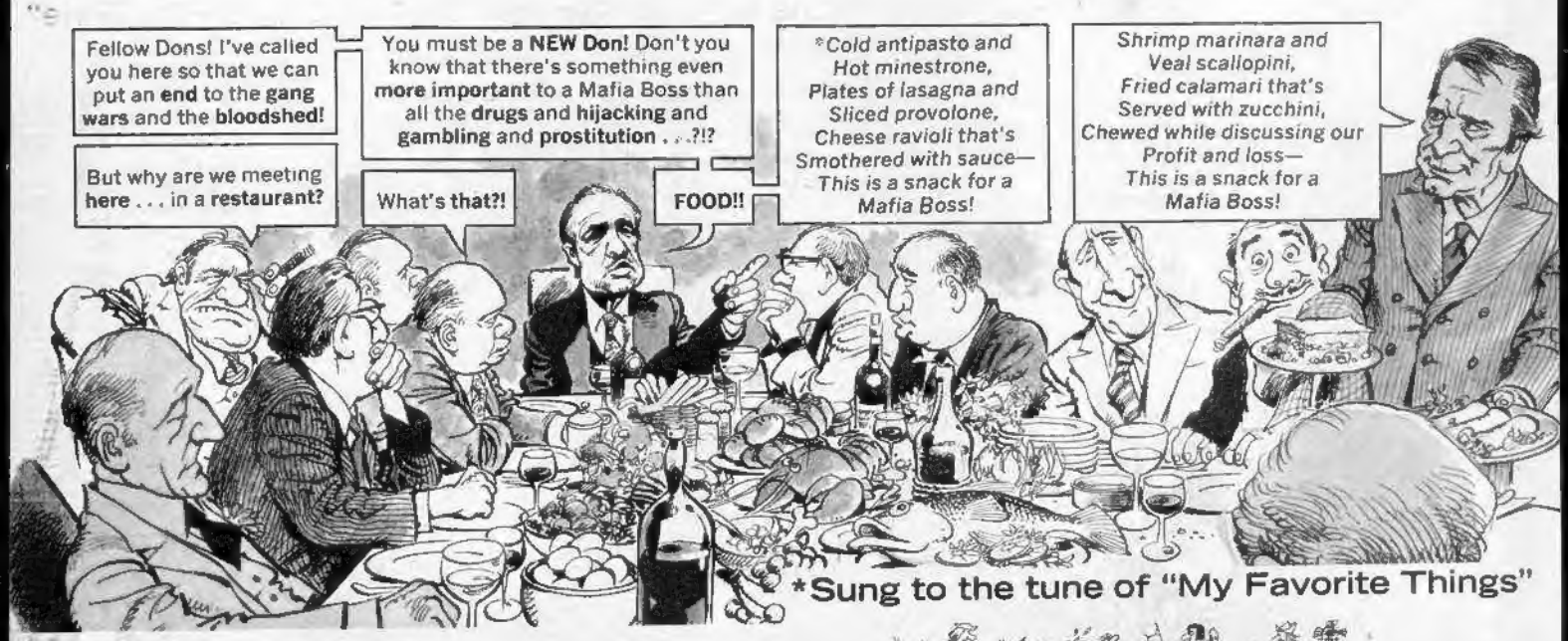




*Sung to "I Like It Here In America"







*Sung to the tune of "My Favorite Things"

When we're done here,
With our meet-ing . .
And we've made our deal—
We'll all hurry home,
Ev'ry Mafia Boss,
And have a nice
Home-cooked
Meal!

Bowls of spaghetti washed
Down with Chianti,
Olives and eggplants and
Asti Spumante,
An—chovies in a big
Salad you toss—
This is the snack for a
Mafia Boss!

Chicken marsala and
Baked canelloni,
Cafe espresso and
Tasty spumoni,
Shared with a friend who
You'll soon double cross—
This is the snack for a
Mafia Boss!

If there's troub-le
When we leave here,
And we wind up dead—
We're happy to know
As a Mafia Boss
That we'll never
Die
Un—fed!

The **OLD** Godfather is **DEAD!**

Long live the **NEW Godfather!**

Already, he's wiped out **three rival mobs,** bought control of **Las Vegas,** killed his **own brother,** and squeezed out a **SECOND "Godfather" Picture!**

Yeah, but I hear he may **retire!**

ME . . . retire?! I'm heading where the **REAL crime** is . . . where I can boss **really BIG crooks!**

Hey! Where's **that?**

In **POLITICS!!** First, I'll be **Governor,** then **Senator,** and in a few years . . . **PRESIDENT!** And before long . . .

*I'll raise the income tax by billions!
Hoo-boy, my take will really climb—
I'll pull the cash in,
Or heads I'll bash in
To satisfy my itch for crime!

TWO HOODS WITH EVIL CAR

NEW YORK FOR THE GODFATHER

PRESIDEN

GODFATH

*Sung to the tune of "Get Me To The Church On Time"

I'll shake the British down for millions!
Squeeze till the Swiss don't have a dime—
Sell France protection,
Make my collection,
And satisfy my itch for crime!

With all this pow-er,
I just can't lose,
I'll make them of-fers
That they can't
Refuse!

I'll fill the Senate with Sicilians—
They'll follow orders ev'ry time,
No Feds will stop me—
No mob can top me—
I'll satisfy my itch—

He'll satisfy his itch—

At last
I'll satisfy my itch
. . . for crime!

THE SHARK AND I

Based On "Jaws"

To scream the incredible scream—
To cry the hysterical cry—
To shriek—while a shark drags you under—
To know that you're going to—ARGGHHH!!!

Chief . . . as the town's leading businessmen, we want you to put an end to these SHARK RUMORS!

RUMORS . . . ?!? A girl's been KILLED!! How many deaths can this island take?

Of PEOPLE . . . plenty! Or our BUSINESSES . . . none! You see—

NO SWIMMING
BEACH CLOSED
By Order Vomity
P.D.

THE DELI SHOP

*Sung (briefly) to "The Impossible Dream"

Ten thousand tourists soon
Will disembark here;
The money that they're
Spending means a lot;
To tell them there's a great
Big hungry shark here
Is tommyrot!

It's possible in seaweed
She was strangled,
A lobster may have
Killed her on the spot.
To claim that by a shark
The girl was mangled
Is tommyrot!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
She
may have
died
inside a
whale!

Tommyrot!
Tommyrot!
Or
met
a
vicious
snail!

She may have tried to swim right after eating;
Or met a giant clam, if you prefer,
The flu she may have got—
It's going 'round a lot!
To say a shark has
Made a meal of her . . .
Is tom-my . . . rot!

*Sung to the tune of "Camelot"

Hooper . . . you're an **Oceanographer** and an **expert on sharks! I want a detailed, scientific explanation of shark behavior!**

It's very complicated, but I'll try . . .

*JAWS —a mouth, a great big mouth!

TEETH —those things that kind of crunch!

BITE —the way sharks say "Hello"!

US —his fav'rite quickie lunch!

BLOOD which turns the ocean red!

CHOMP —which makes a swimmer pause!

GLUB —which means the shark's been fed!

Which brings us back to JAWS!

*Sung to the tune of "Do Re Mi"

Men, the shark is closing in for his **attack!** Does everyone know what he's **supposed to do?**

I'm going to lower myself into the water and stab him with a poisoned harpoon . . . the odds of bringing this off being 100,000-to-1!

I'm going to get sea-sick, after which I'll crouch, frozen in fear, while the shark tears our boat in half!

Boy, am I **sorry** I **asked!**

THE SHARK'S GOT ME! KILL HIM, MAN! Kill Him!!

*I have never felt such great fear before;
I have also never sung to sharks out here before;
This one's out to kill,
And I'm sure he will,
'Cause I'm here in the sea where they live!

Hear me pray to God
To deliver us!
For by now you should have learned
Sharks are carnivorous!
If he gets to me,
Very dead I'll be,
Stuck out here in the sea
Where they live!

And, oh . . .
That wi-ild sensation,
When I see . . .
His body explode!
And, oh . . .
The realization
To know I didn't have to
Take time to re-load!

All those floating bits
Once were jaws out there,
Not to mention vital parts of
Robert Shaw's out there!
Through the blood-drenched foam
I . . shall swim back home,
Far away from the sea
Where they live!

BAM!

BLAM!

*Sung to the tune of "On The Street Where You Live"

GO TO BLAZES!

Based On "The Towering Inferno"

Welcome to the **Grand Opening** of **The Glass Tower!** I know you're **burning** with curiosity and **aflame** with excitement! So let me **tell** you—

*We could not wait
To ded-i-cate
This great enormous
Spire!
The show we've got
Is really hot,
'Cause the
Building is on
Fire!

On fire!
On fire!
The building is on fire!

It's really grand
That you're on hand
In all your fine
Attire!
A barb-e cue
We've planned for you,
'Cause we
Can't put out the
Fire!

The fire!
The fire!
They can't put out the fire!

We're very high
Up in the sky,
No building reaches
Higher!
I'm sure no one
Will eat and run
'Cause we're
Trapped here in the
Fire!

The fire!
The fire!
We're trapped here in the fire!

*Sung to the tune of "They Call The Wind Mariah"

The flames, I fear,
Will soon be near,
And then we will perspire;
I'll share my can
Of Ultra-Ban
While we die here in the fire!

The fire!
The fire!
We'll die here in the fire!

Where did the fire start . . . ?

In the **Acme Turpentine Co.!**

THAT's no problem!

Then it spread to the **Ajax Cigarette Lighter Fluid Co.!**

And THAT's no problem!

And now it's headed for the residence of a **Mrs. O'Leary**, who owns a **cow!**

Now **THAT** could be a **problem!**

You look sad, dear! Are you upset by the burning up of your building?

No . . . by the fizzling out of my career!

*Inferno! I'm cast in this Awful inferno! Can anyone believe They've billed me Under Steve McQueen?

Inferno! We'll both make it Through this inferno! I'll lay you 8-to-5 The top stars Will survive The scene!

Inferno! See the flames lighting up San Francisco!

While us lesser-paid stars fry like Crisco!

Inferno! We're stuck in this dreadful inferno!

*Sung to the tune of "Maria"

Hey, fellah! I wonder if you could do me a favor?

I'm falling 100 stories to my death, and you want me to do you a favor?!?

Yeah! When you pass the flames shooting out of the 47th floor, try to work up some SPIT!!

We made it! We survived the fire!

Listen to that crowd cheer us!

Hey! That's no ordinary crowd! That's Charlton Heston . . . and Ava Gardner of "Earthquake"!

And Gene Hackman and Ernest Borgnine of "The Poseidon Adventure"!

And Burt Lancaster of "Airport"! And Charlton Heston . . . AGAIN of "Airport '75"!

Sorry, kids! We're not cheering YOU!

We're cheering these Disaster Movies that are prolonging our careers!

*Burn up big buildings! Plant bombs in planes! Go for dev-a-sta-tion! That's what en-ter-tains!

Show ocean lin-ers Turned up-side down! Fake a gi-ant earthquake Lev-el-ling a town!

Ev'ry studio knows What the public expects— A ri-di-cu-lous plot With great spec-ial effects!

Stick with dis-as-ter! Rake in the cash! You may lose the crit-ics— But . . . you'll . . . have . . . a . . . smash!

*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain"

CHEAP SHOTS DEPT.

BEAT THE RECESSION WITH THESE HELPFUL MAD PENNY

Buy your perishables before week-end closing time . . . when you can bargain.

Have your kids bring home their Free School Lunch leftovers in Doggie Bags.

If necessary, use alternate means of long-distance communications.

ARTIST · PAUL COKER, JR.

Have your kids design and execute . . . and then hand deliver . . . your family's Christmas Cards.

Eliminate unnecessary Doctor bills Brush up on "Home Remedies" and take care of your family's minor medical problems by yourself.

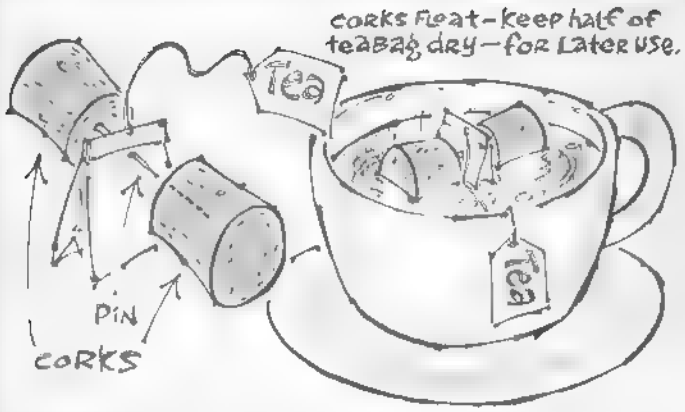
Give your family homemade haircuts.

Spray on socks with washable paint.

Grow or produce your own Gourmet food.

-PINCHING HINTS

Encourage your kids to build appropriate Birthday, Wedding or Bar Mitzvah gifts in your home (or their school) workshop.



Invent clever money-saving methods like this "Teabag-Saver" which keeps half the teabag dry for later use.

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

When in need of professional advice, try consulting experts casually at parties.

For entertainment, return to the simple (and cheap) ways of yore.

Give your kids interest-bearing notes instead of their usual cash allowance.

Save fuel by saving hot water. Bathe "Japanese Family Style."

Drop in on your rich relatives during their mealtimes.

Use any available free transportation.

Keep your food budget low Tell disgusting stories at the table.

Scan local newspapers and clip those special "Sale" and "Money-off" coupons.

Eliminate expensive reading material! Send for interesting free Government pamphlets.

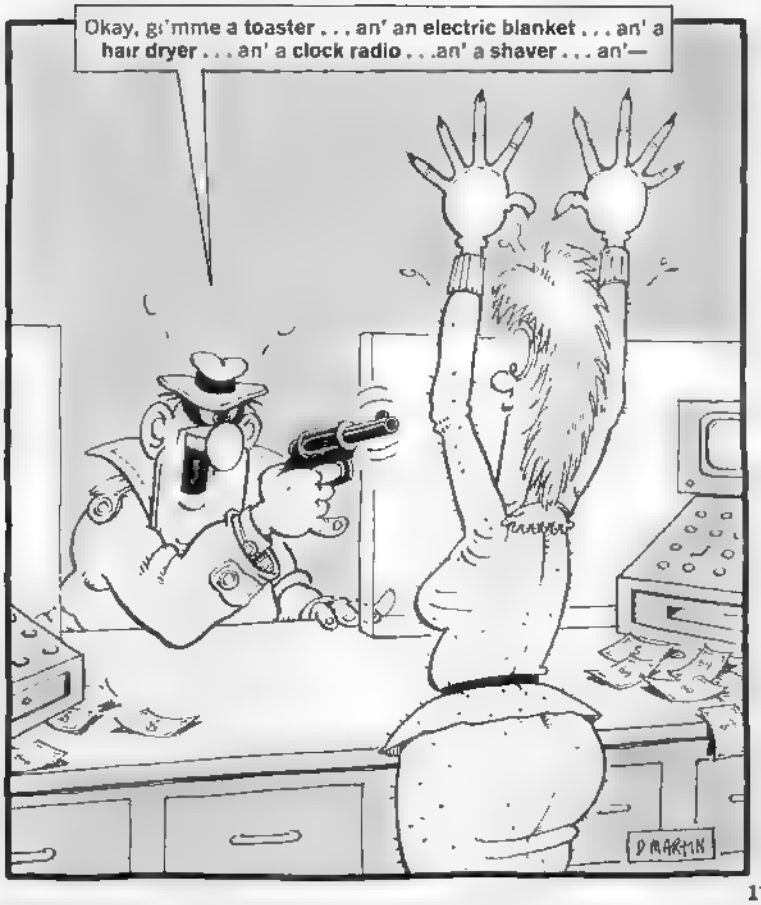
Start wearing old, patched clothes . . . and pretend you're "with it."

Get together with your neighbors and friends and form "Magazine Pools."

Make your own toilet paper.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

EARLY ONE MORNING DOWNTOWN



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MAKING

EXTRA MONEY

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

I'm desperate! I need some money badly! You gotta lend me some . . .!

I'd love to, but I'm broke myself! You can't get blood from a stone!

BLOOD!! Hey, wait a minute! That's how you can earn money! Blood Banks pay you for donating a pint of blood!

I—I couldn't do that! There's something that prevents me—a vital lack in my physical make-up!

What's the matter! Don't you have blood?

Oh, that I have!

What I don't have is GUTS!!

What's up? There's a glow around you like you're floating on Cloud Nine!

Make that Cloud TEN!

I spent last night making wild, passionate love with a guy in a strange apartment!

Imagine! Having a ball like that, and getting PAID for it besides!?!

YOU'RE A . . . A HOOKER?!

No, dummy! I'm a babysitter!

Busing is a good thing!

Busing STINKS!

Don't be so closed minded!

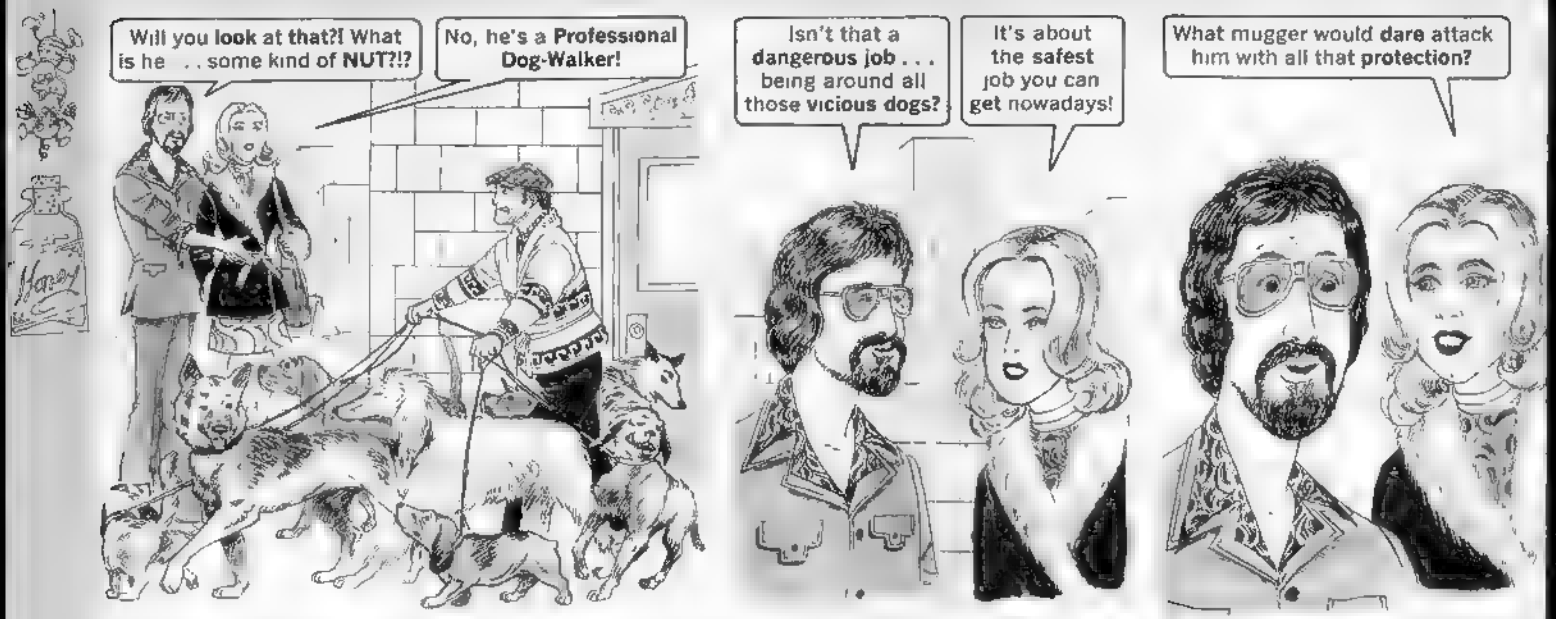
Don't be so generous with my tax dollars!

You're nothing but a phony liberal . . . and a full-time bigot!

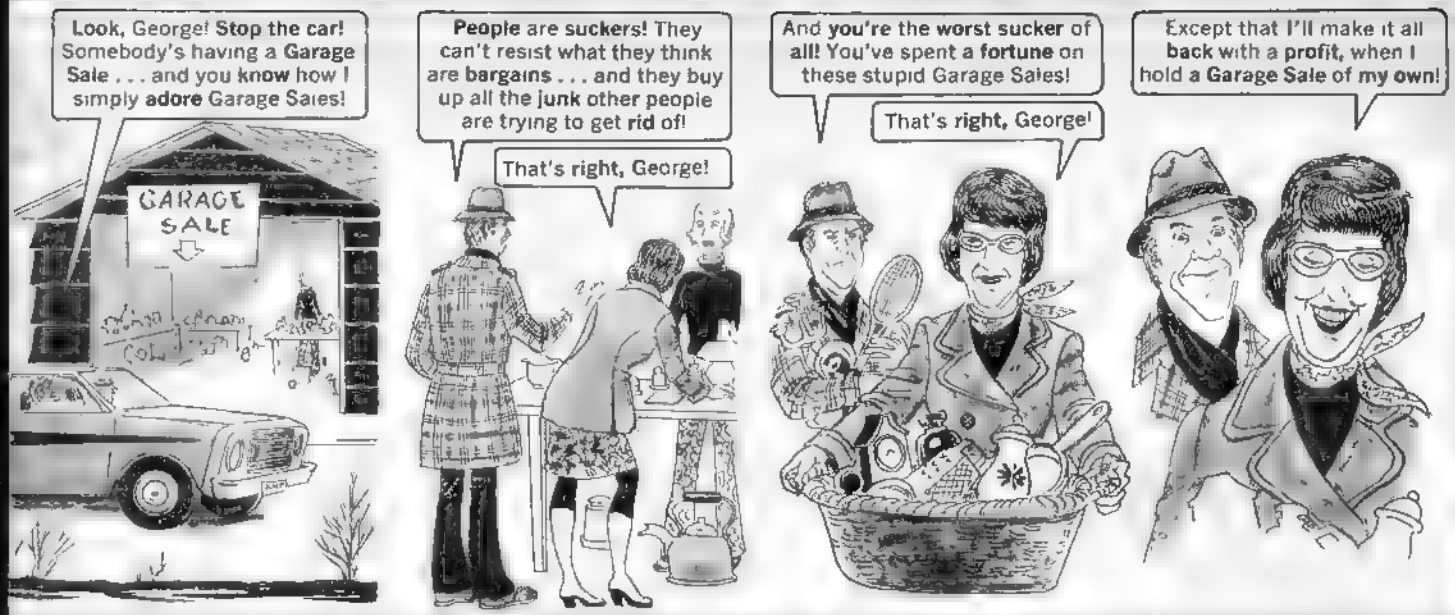
Oh, yeah! Give me one good reason that could possibly justify busing!

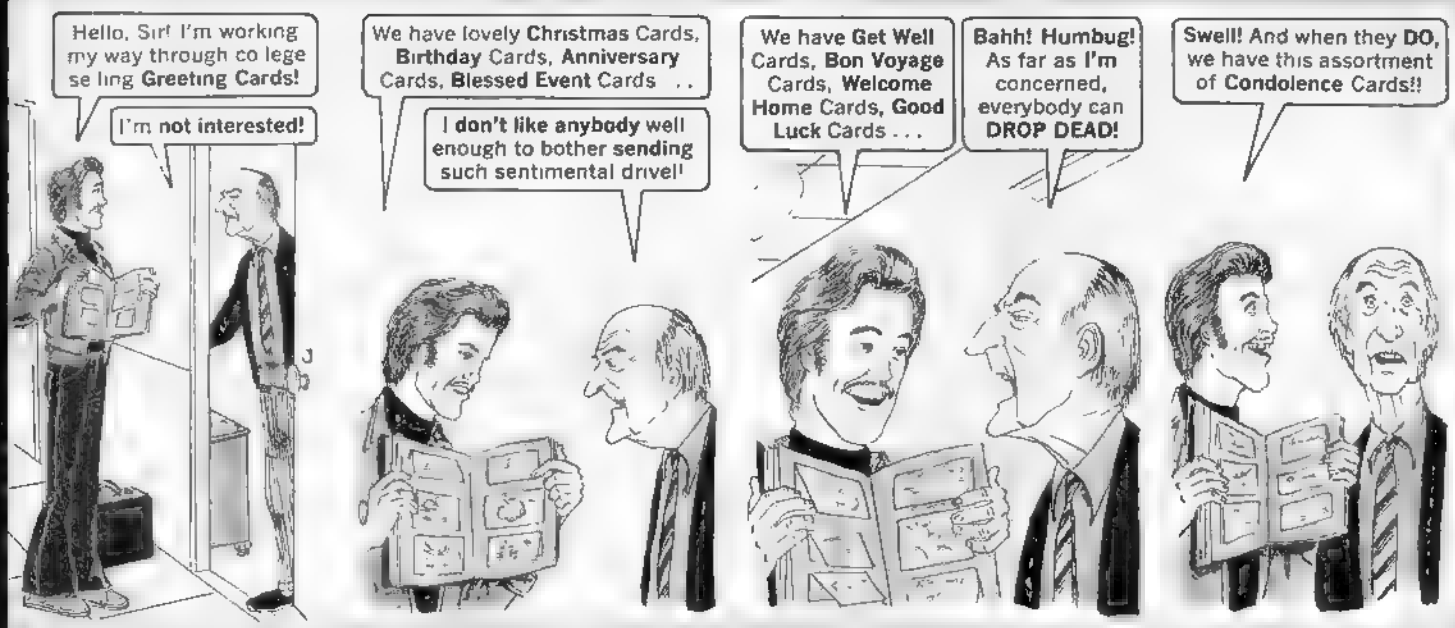
I'm a part-time Bus Driver!

And this is my Son . . . the clever entrepreneur! He collects old comic books and carefully preserves them in protective plastic bags! Go ahead, Son . . . tell Emily what they're worth!
Well, these comic books are Collectors' Items! I can sell them for big money at Comic Book Conventions! F'rinstance, I could get $300 for this old "Superman" comic . . . and $250 for this old "Batman" comic . . .
. . . and $500 for this "Shock SuspenStories Number Three" . . . and $1000 for this "Panic" . . .
Wow! You certainly are an enterprising young man! You're going to be worth a small fortune when you sell them!
SELL them?!? Are you out of your mind?!? I wouldn't give up a single one of these books for the world!


Will you look at that?! What is he . . . some kind of NUT?!?
No, he's a Professional Dog-Walker!
Isn't that a dangerous job . . . being around all those vicious dogs?
It's about the safest job you can get nowadays!
What mugger would dare attack him with all that protection?

Sir, I'll shovel the snow off your side walk for a reasonable price!
Son! You've got a deal!
I can't believe it! When I was a kid we made extra money by doing back-breaking work, but I thought kids of today were so spoiled and soft, they wouldn't ever take on manual labor jobs! Yet, here's a kid willing to work up a sweat!
You're right! He's working up a sweat all right . . .
That's a pretty long walk from our front door to his Father's gas powered snow-blower!!
65

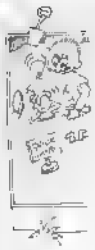

Look, George! Stop the car! Somebody's having a Garage Sale . . . and you know how I simply adore Garage Sales!
GARAGE SALE
People are suckers! They can't resist what they think are bargains . . . and they buy up all the junk other people are trying to get rid of!
That's right, George!
And you're the worst sucker of all! You've spent a fortune on these stupid Garage Sales!
That's right, George!
Except that I'll make it all back with a profit, when I hold a Garage Sale of my own!


Hello, Sir! I'm working my way through co lege se ling Greeting Cards!
I'm not interested!
We have lovely Christmas Cards, Birthday Cards, Anniversary Cards, Blessed Event Cards . .
I don't like anybody well enough to bother sending such sentimental drivel!
We have Get Well Cards, Bon Voyage Cards, Welcome Home Cards, Good Luck Cards . . .
Bahh! Humbug! As far as I'm concerned, everybody can DROP DEAD!
Swell! And when they DO, we have this assortment of Condolence Cards!!

What in heck are you doing?
I'm earning extra cash by addressing envelopes for some sleazy outfit that supplies me with this Sucker List! But what the heck . . . money is money!
How MUCH money?
Three dollars a hundred!
What?!? Three dollars a HUNDRED?!? You call that money?!? That's slave labor! Gi'me that!
What are you doing?!
I'm adding your name to this SUCKER LIST!!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE FINE DAY AT THE CORNER OF SOUTH FINSTER BOULEVARD AND FONEBONE STREET



FOR THE SYMBOL-MINDED DEPT.

In order to identify themselves as members of certain military, social, sporting, environmental, ethnic and other special groups, many people proudly wear Shoulder Patches. Some people even wear Shoulder Patches and they don't belong to any group. But we're not concerned with those clods. What we are concerned with are the people who belong to certain groups and who do not wear Shoulder Patches because there aren't any. It's for these clods that we've designed this special collection of...

MAD

JEWISH MOTHERS

SLUM LANDLORDS

FAT PEOPLE

ALL-AMERICAN BIGOTS

LOSING COACHES

CHRONIC HYPOCHONDRIACS

SHOULDER PATCHES

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

NOSEY KID BROTHERS (OR SISTERS)

HARASSED WAITRESSES

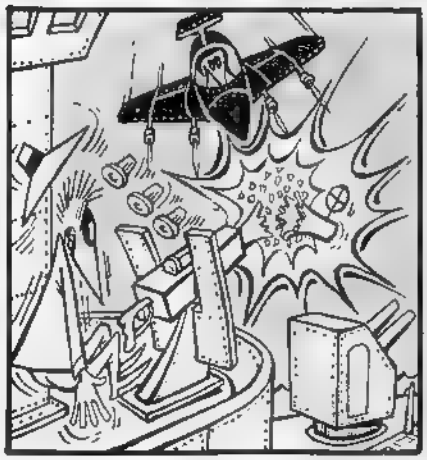
MAFIA MEMBERS

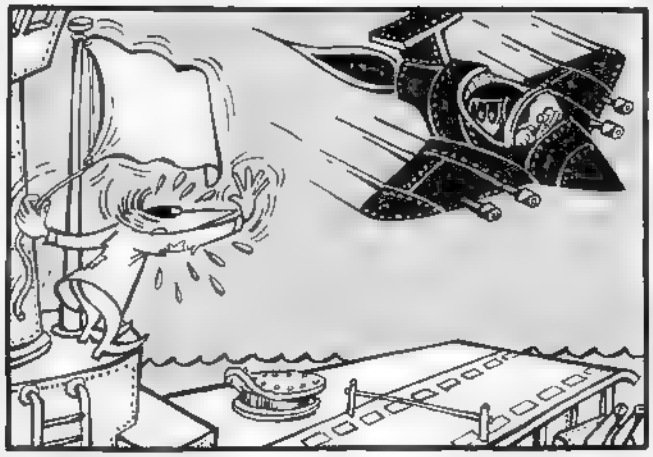
AGGRESSIVE INSURANCE SALESMEN

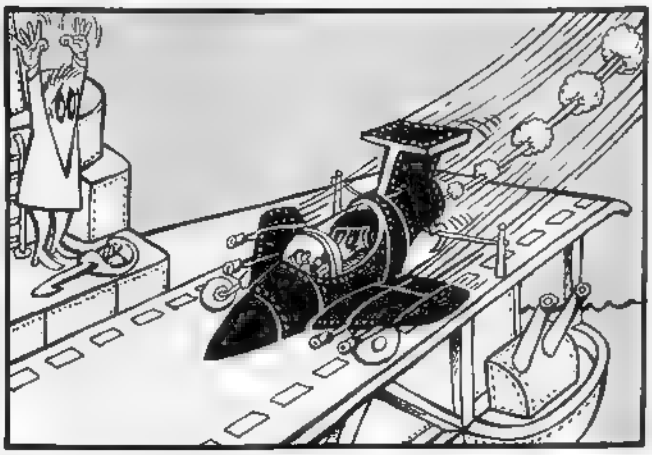
SUBWAY OR BUS RIDERS

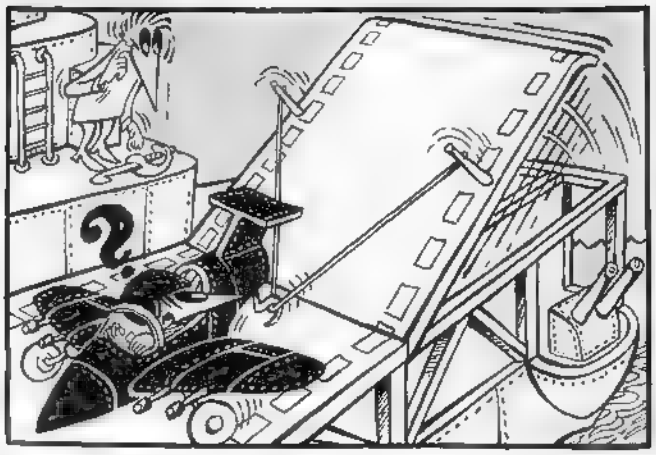
DOG-HATING CITY DWELLERS

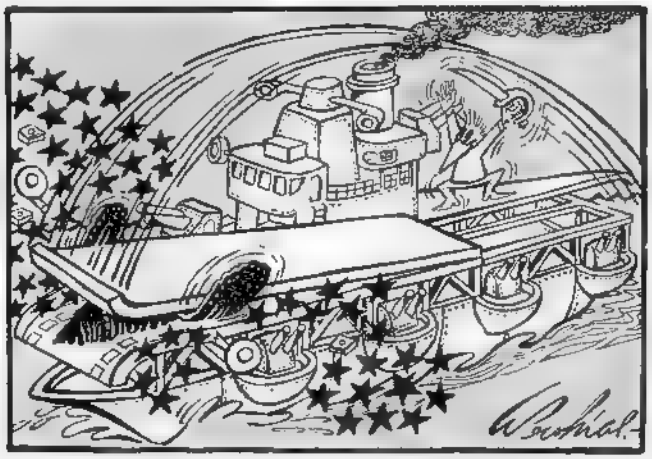
SPY vs SPY





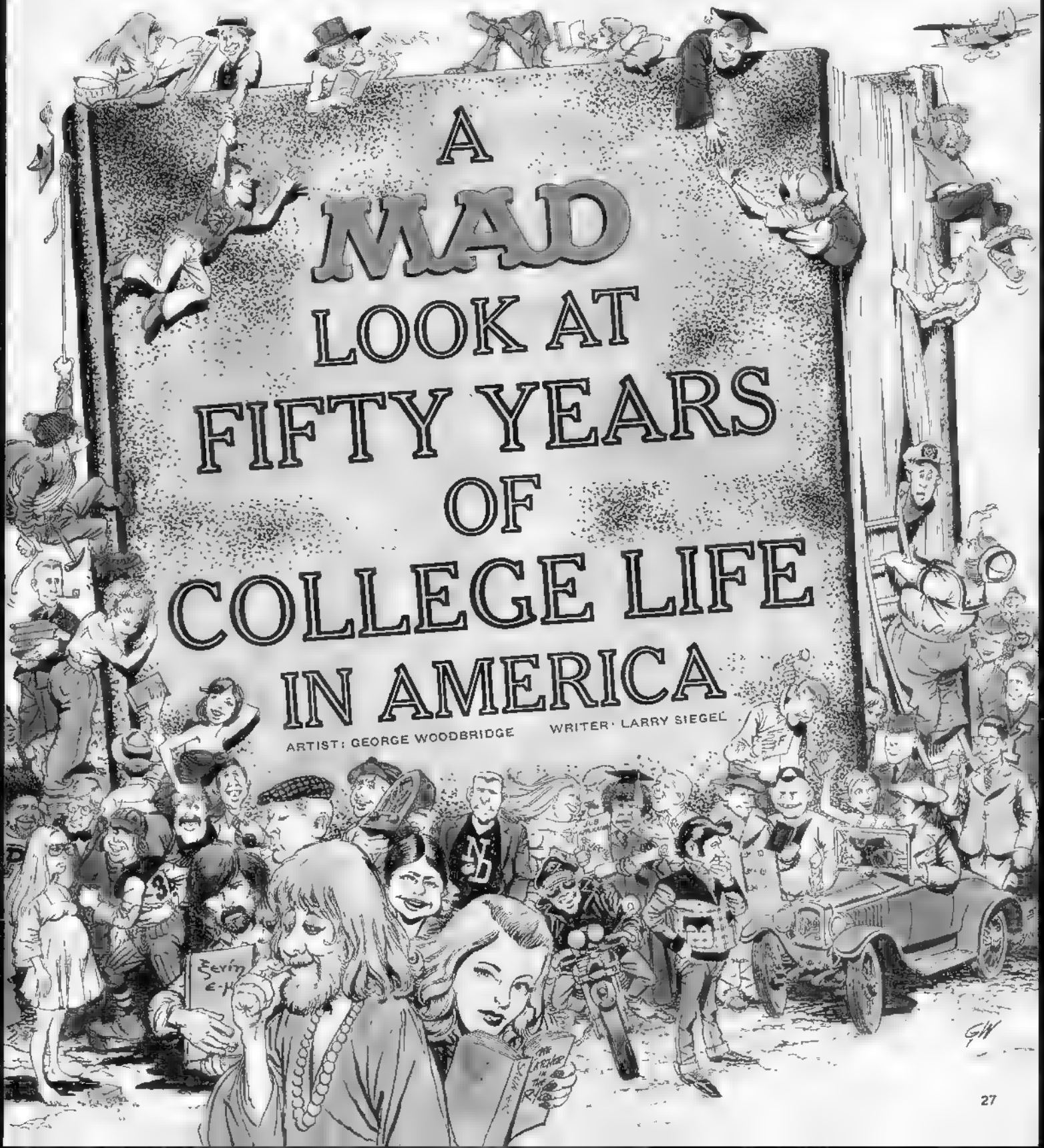






ALMA MARTYRS DEPT.

A noted professor once said, "The college campus is the bellwether of American life, the harbinger of a democracy's future. Spend ten minutes on a college campus and you may well determine the nature and vicissitudes of the next ten years of our existence." Now you know why this nation is what it is. You also know why 90% of college students fall asleep during lectures. And now you are about to find out why 90% of MAD readers fall asleep during articles as we take



CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '20'S

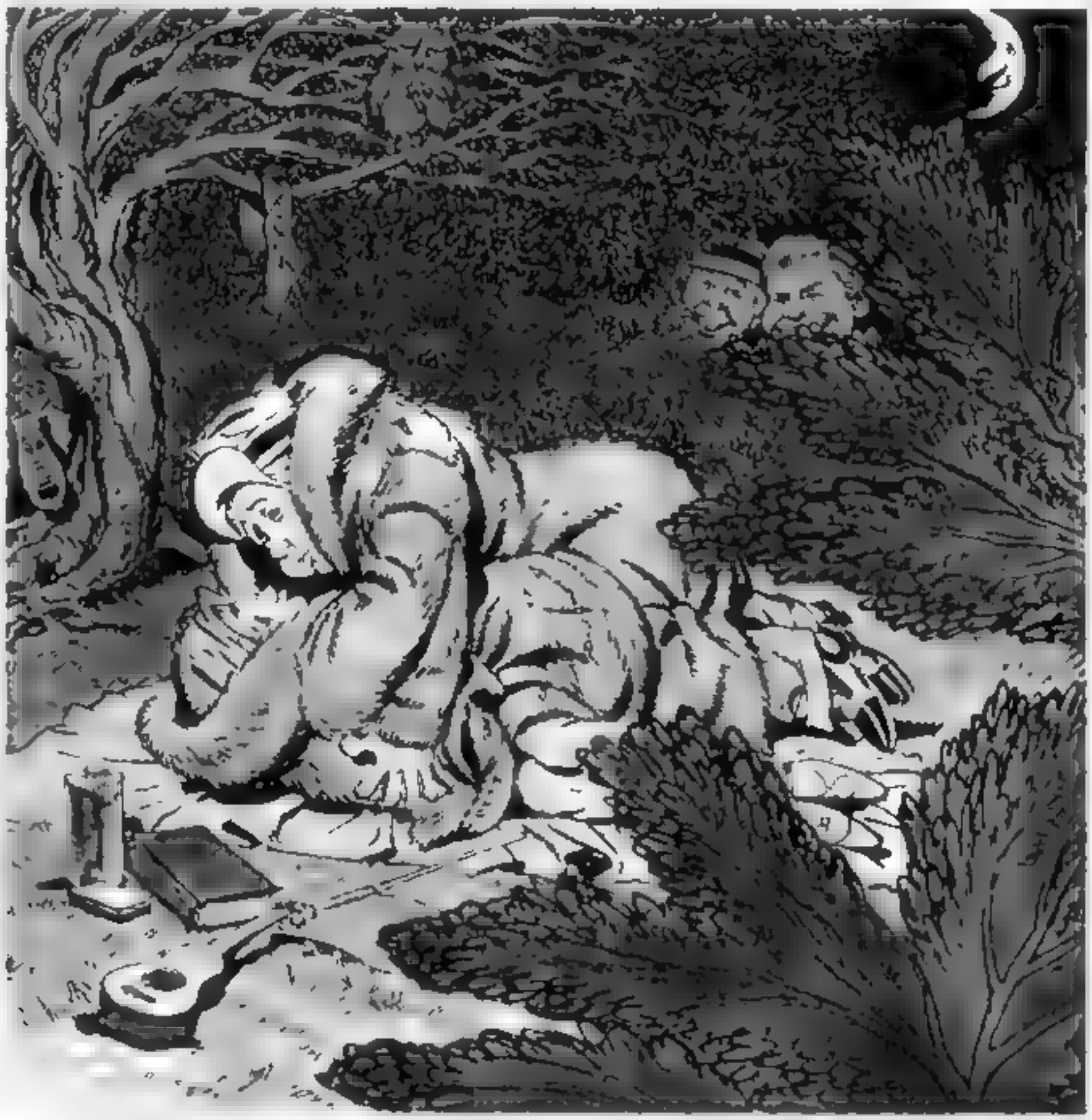
The Roaring Twenties has always been known as a "fun decade." There was prosperity in the country, everyone was loaded (with money...and on bootleg booze) and the nation was laughing and having a hell of a time. Helping to make us laugh were some of the great comics of the day Amos 'n Andy, Laurel and Hardy, and of course the silent little man with the baggy pants--perhaps the greatest clown of them all—Calvin Coolidge.

The mood of fun prevailed on our college campuses. Frivolity and light-heartedness filled the lecture halls and the science labs. It was not unusual to see someone take a swig from a hip flask, sneak into a Political Science class, set off a stink bomb, and run giggling out the door. But if you think the *professors* had fun, you should have seen the *students*.

Here's a typical college sophomore in the 1920's. He was immaculately groomed. It took him an hour to shave and dress, and another thirty minutes of vigorous buffing, polishing, and shining with a shoe cloth. Then, when his hair was ready, he would work on his patent leather shoes.

This is another typical student. Notice the spiked heels, bracelets, long beads, and earrings. In the 20's, these were instantly recognizable as "flappers." Forty years later, they would be known as "boys."

The hilarity never ceased at the fraternity and sorority houses. Students listened to jazz, drank home-made gin, and danced the Charleston and the Shimmy. Still it wasn't all fun and games. At seven each night frat brothers used to gather in the study halls for some very serious and important business. Namely, swatting pledges on their rear ends with huge paddles for five or six hours. (But more about Sex in the 20's later.)



In the evenings after the big football games, guys and flappers used to take walks in the moonlight. (Remember when we said more about Sex in the 20's later? This is later.) Then they'd lie down on blankets and smooch and spoon and kiss. But it seldom went further than that. This was generally due to the strict moral codes of the students in those days, a desire to save themselves for the sanctity of marriage. And besides you try getting anywhere in a 20 pound raccoon coat. But some students managed to score. (To find out how this was done, see the famous treatise on Campus Sex in the 20's: "How To Make Out With Someone In A Raccoon Coat." For a later view on the subject see the famous treatise on Campus Sex in the 60's, "How To Make Out With A Raccoon.")

On weekends, students used to pile into a roadster (which was a car), gulp down hooch (which was booze) and try to make out in the rumble seat (which was impossible). With a whoop and a roar, they'd make the rounds of the speakeasies and then wind up in a Drive-In movie. It was great and it was fun, but then came the Big Crash. (Note, we're not referring to the Great Depression of the 20's, we're talking about the Big Crash in the lobby of the movie house. Because there *were* no Drive-In movies in those days. But that didn't stop these lovable goofs.)

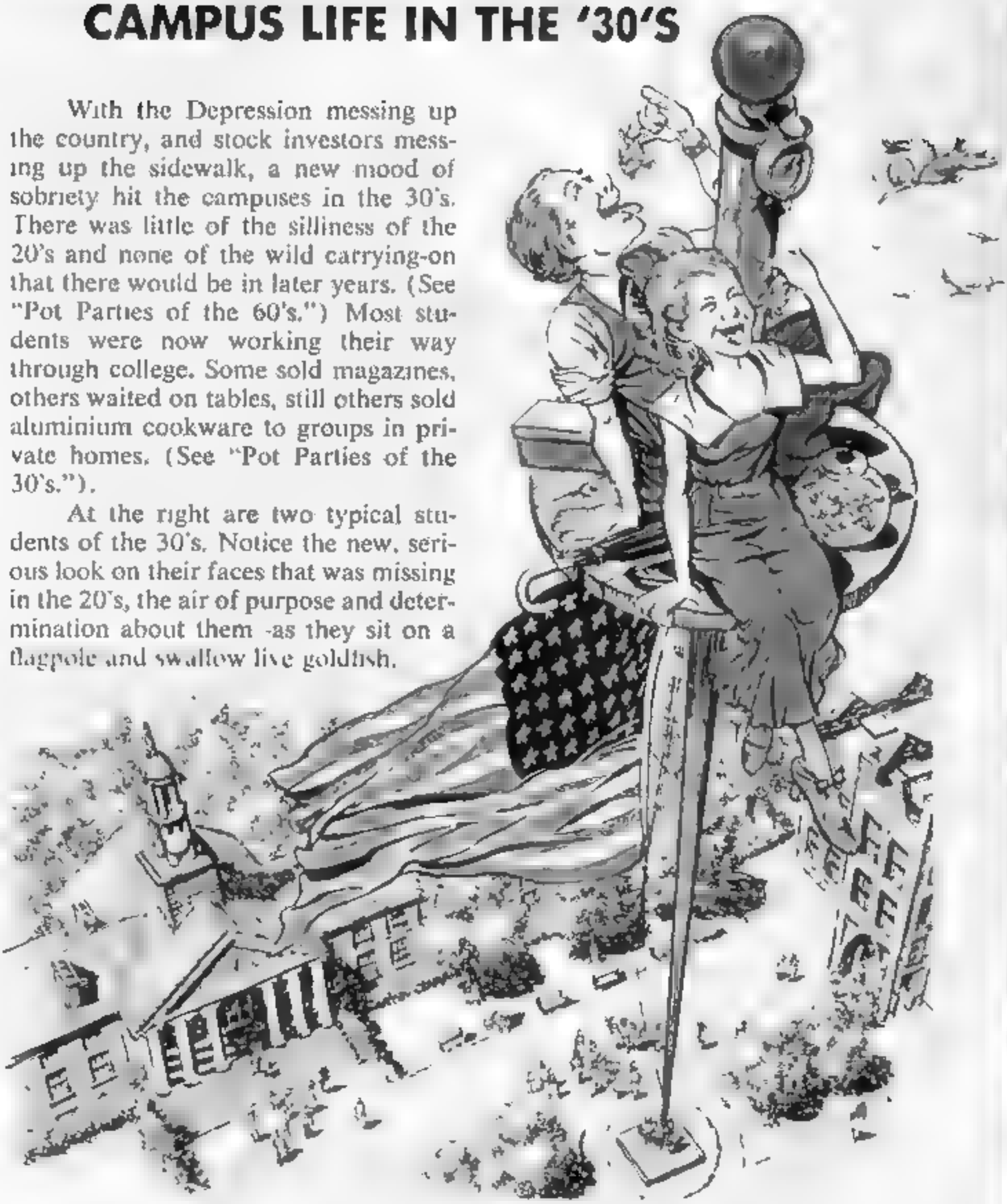
Towards the end of the decade, fun-loving Calvin Coolidge retired from the White House and was replaced by an even greater comic named Herbert Hoover. He said hilarious things like, "A chicken in every pot," and people screamed with laughter and began jumping up and down.

Then came the Great Depression, and people stopped jumping up. But they continued jumping down, usually out of high office buildings.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '30'S

With the Depression messing up the country, and stock investors messing up the sidewalk, a new mood of sobriety hit the campuses in the 30's. There was little of the silliness of the 20's and none of the wild carrying-on that there would be in later years. (See "Pot Parties of the 60's.") Most students were now working their way through college. Some sold magazines, others waited on tables, still others sold aluminium cookware to groups in private homes. (See "Pot Parties of the 30's.").

At the right are two typical students of the 30's. Notice the new, serious look on their faces that was missing in the 20's, the air of purpose and determination about them -as they sit on a flagpole and swallow live goldfish.



There wasn't nearly as much booze drinking on campus now as there was in the 20's. It's nice to say that the socially reawakened students now realized the dangers of alcohol and sublimated their drives in more productive channels. It's nice to say it all right, but it wasn't true. The reason they stopped drinking was because booze was now legal, and as we all know, it's never been fun for young people to do things they re *allowed* to do. Fortunately, however, sex crimes and murder were still illegal, so students had *something* to do on weekends. (But we'll go into Fun Hazing In Fraternities later.)

On college campuses, many students became very political-conscious and started looking for the right political party to join. They examined the record of the previous Republican administration and the current Democratic one, and then they made the obvious decision: they became Communists.

But despite hard times, students still had time for fun They were singing songs like "The Music Goes Round and Round," and dancing The Big Apple, the Suzy-Q, and the Lambeth Walk As for sex on campus, the 30's was known as a very romantic decade and college tradition played an important role in all this, as the following illustration indicates:

Here's a typical tradition-steeped scene on a typical college campus in the 30's. See if you can pick out the following: (1) Flirtation Walk; (2) Moonlight Bay; (3) The Kissing Rock. Answers: (1) Flirtation Walk is the ivy-covered walk on the left. (It got its name because couples used to flirt as they walked along the path.) (2) Moonlight Bay is the water in the background. (It got its name because couples used to row on it and smooch in the moonlight.) (3) The Kissing Rock is the girl on the right. (She got her name because, like most coeds in the 1930's, kissing her was just like kissing a rock.)

As the 30's drew to a close, the Great Depression began to wind down, and a general air of optimism prevailed on and off campus. But few people realized that a tyrant was about to come on the scene spreading bloody havoc wherever he went, and the world would never again be the same because of him. (But more about Frank Sinatra later.)

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '40'S

With the end of the Depression a new feeling of maturity hit the campus This was particularly noticeable in fraternity life. The green, frightened pledge of 1939 entered the world of 1940 with a healthy new outlook. Never again would he have to undergo the humility of someone paddling his butt. Instead he would now dedicate himself to a better education, a keener understanding of humanity, and paddling someone else's butt.

The chief college meeting place in the 40's was the Campus Malt Shop. There, students nicknamed Beezie and Binky and Lallanis sipped lime rickeys served up by Pop, the beloved proprietor, and then jitterbugged to "Mairzy Doats" and "The Three Little Fishies" on the juke box, while saying things like, "Hubba-hubba" and "Woo-woo, what a tomato!" Little did the country know that Germany and Japan were planning to take all this away from us at a fearsome price Little did Germany and Japan know that we probably would have given them all this for nothing.

In late 1941 war was declared. (See "World War II And The College Student" for a study of the impact of war on student volunteers, who numbered in the thousands. For a later view on another struggle, see "The War In Vietnam And The College Student" for a study of the impact of war on student volunteers —both of them.

America's first war in almost a quarter century had a profound effect on college life. No longer did carefree, happy-go-lucky students sit around the Malt Shop singing, "Mairzy Doats" and "The Three Little Fishies." Instead sober, more determined students now sat around the Malt Shop singing, "You're A Sap, Mr. Jap" and "Right In Der Fuehrer's Face."

For half a decade casualties mounted and America paid a terrible price to preserve our democracy. Men from college campuses contributed their share to the suffering. For example, here's a photo of some of the members of a typical fraternity, taken before the war. See the caption below to get an idea of the staggering casualties they suffered since then:

The men of the Zeta Maida Shiksah fraternity house. Left to right: The late Dink Dockstader; the late Pukki Petrille; the late Arnold Haffenfeffer; the late Biff Klodd; the late Barney Boysenberry; the late Steve Zetts; the late Rick Guppy; the late Gupp Rickey; Harold Hopner (wounded in action); Ned Mussel (wounded in action); Gary Pivnick (wounded in action) Victor Sfortz (wounded in action); and Irving Irving (missing and feared dead). Historical note: None of the fraternity members shown above were in the service. What happened was, during Rush Week in the fall of 1945, they tried to haze a prospective new pledge who turned out to have been a commando–paratrooper in Burma.

With the G1 Bill of Rights in effect, there was an influx of thousands of veterans to colleges in the middle 40's. They came from fox-holes to campus quonset huts with a burning desire to learn The first thing they learned was that quonset huts were so cramped and rotten, they sure missed their roomy fox-holes.

Happy little domestic scenes such as this sprang up for the first time on American campuses. Here we see a veteran student with his wife and two children. The chief question on the couple's mind was: Should he study law or medicine? Note: Similar happy domestic scenes of couples and their children were to emerge on campus in the 60's. The chief question on the couple's mind then would be: Should they or shouldn't they get married?

Among other things the 40's was known as the decade that unshackled the atom. But unknown to most of the world, the 50's would also be the decade in which they unleashed the Really *Big* Bombs. (But more about Eisenhower and Nixon in our next chapter.)

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '50'S

For many years there had been rumors that there *was* no campus life in America in the 1950's. In fact there were also rumors that there was no life at *all* in this country in the 50's. Then along came Dwight D. Eisenhower, and the rumors proved to be true.

But seriously, folks, and fellow scholars, in 1950, two years before Eisenhower came on the scene, America was caught up in another war. Many young men went to Korea and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately they didn't.) Later on in the 50's, Vice President Richard Nixon went to Venezuela and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately, he did.)

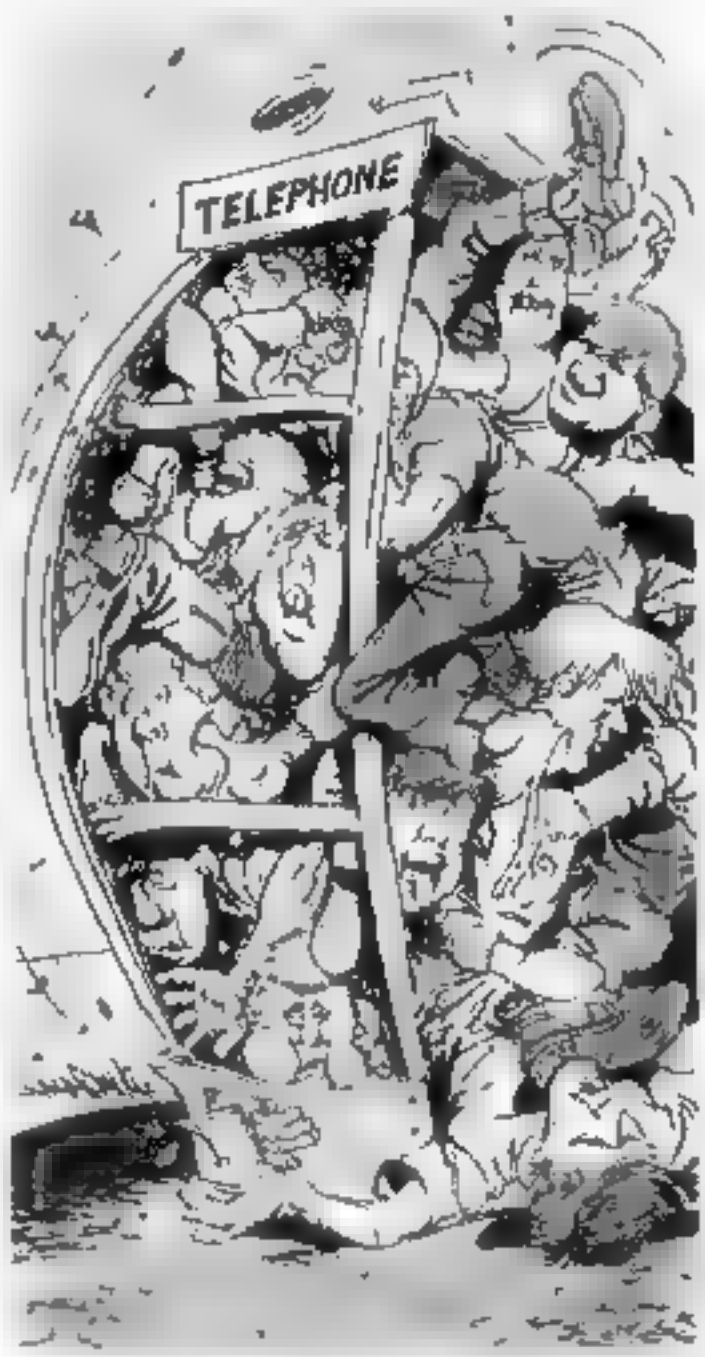
If the college students of the 20's were known as the Jazz Generation, and the 30's the Depression Generation, and the 40's the War Generation, the young people of the 50's were known as the Silent Generation. In fact silence was the key-word of the decade until a deadly new explosion ripped the atmosphere threatening all future life on the planet . . . which brings us to Rock 'n Roll.

Not only was everyone dancing dreamily to the haunting strains of "You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dawg," but the life style of Elvis Presley and other early rock stars had an incredible effect on college students of the 50's. Standard cars were out and hot rods and motorcycles were in. So were leather jackets and sequins. And short hair (or "the crew-cut") gave way to the sky-high, weirdly-shaped pompadour.)

But as different as young people were, outwardly, from generation to generation, inwardly they were all looking for the same thing: fulfillment. The 1950's were no different.

Here are two typical young people of the 50's in a secluded spot on campus. He seeks, he gropes, he meets what seems to be a bitter disappointment. And then when all seems lost, he suddenly triumphs and gets what he has been after all night under the blanket. He finds his comb.

But not all of life was serious and intense in the 50's. Students also found time for light-hearted fun.



Back in the 50's this was a very popular kick. You've heard of the obscene phone call? Well...here is the first obscene phone booth.

Another popular college fad in the 50's was the panty raid. Male students would run through female dormitories grabbing coed's panties off the clothes lines and from dressers. Note: The panty raid was also popular on campus in the 60's. Only this time male students ran through female dormitories grabbing coeds' panties off coeds.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '60'S

What happened to cause the vast, bloody upheaval on American college campuses in the 1960's? What event or series of events triggered the blast that set in motion all the explosive forces? Exactly what went wrong in the 60's, you may ask?

Don't ask!

But we'll try to answer you anyway. For one thing young people began expressing themselves more. A new brand of politics was brought to us by John Kennedy. A new kind of music was brought to us by the Beatles. And a new fashion style was brought to us by the Salvation Army.

This is "The Twist," a 1960's fad made popular by nightclub act of Chubby Checker.

Another form of "The Twist," a 1960's fad made popular by nightstick of chubby cop.

Remember the high pompadour type hair style so popular on campus in the 50's? Well, it didn't disappear. It just fell down. Usually around the students' ankles. And remember the hangovers students used to get from drinking all that booze? That was replaced in the 60's by "acid" indigestion.

After careful assessment, perhaps the one event that could be held most responsible for bringing on the campus explosion in the 60's was the War in Vietnam.

Here are two typical anti-war demonstrations in the 60's. The group on the left is demonstrating against the War in Vietnam. The group on the right, however, is made up of students who are high on grass and LSD. They are demonstrating against the War of 1812.

Another factor responsible for causing friction on campus in the 1960's was the explosive emergence of the Black student. (For further information on Black Power see, "The Life of Rap Brown," "The Story of Malcolm X," and a list of the leading scorers in the National Basketball Association)

The 60's brought all kinds of anguish to parents of students who went to out-of-town colleges. Word came back to them of a fantastic new sexual freedom on campus. The parents heard that male and female students had now started to live together . . . and sleep together. But as usual, this was another wild exaggeration by the Over-Thirty crowd. After all, considering what the students were doing while living together, how could they possibly find time to *sleep?*

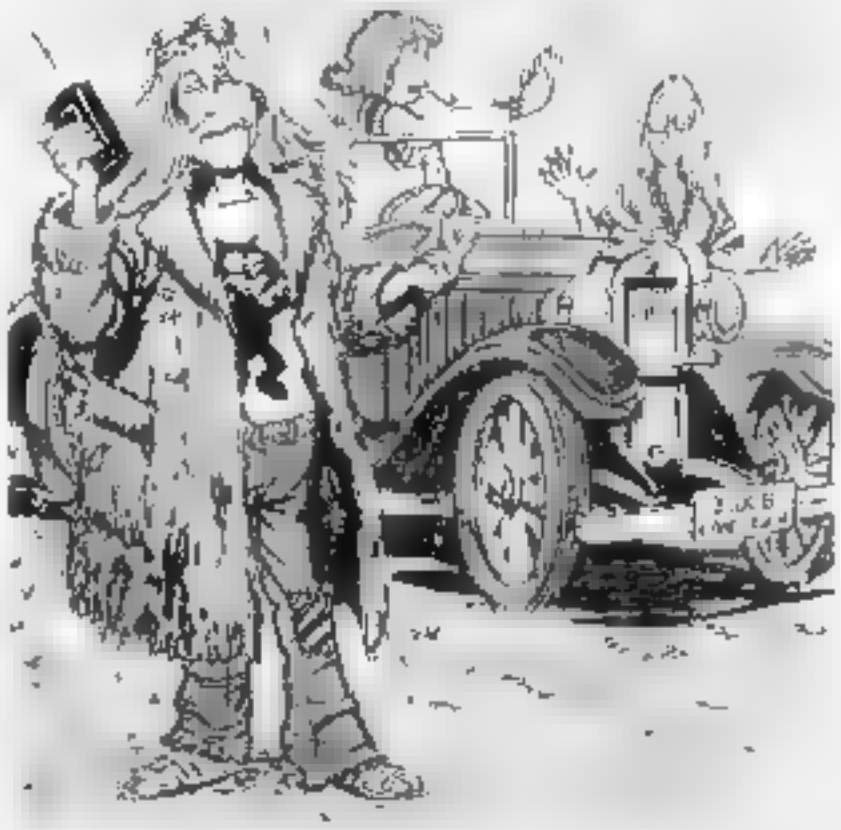
And so as the war raged and campuses exploded and crime ran rampant through the land it looked as if the world was coming to an end. And toward the close of the decade, religious voices could be heard throughout the country: "Prepare for the Second Coming!" Well, as it turned out, Christ couldn't make it again, but Richard Nixon was free.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '70'S

Since this decade is only half over, it's hard to give a comprehensive view of the 70's. So instead, let's review some of the ground we covered and exactly where we stand in 1975. First of all, let's see what fantastic *changes* have come over college life and America in general over the past 50 years or so.

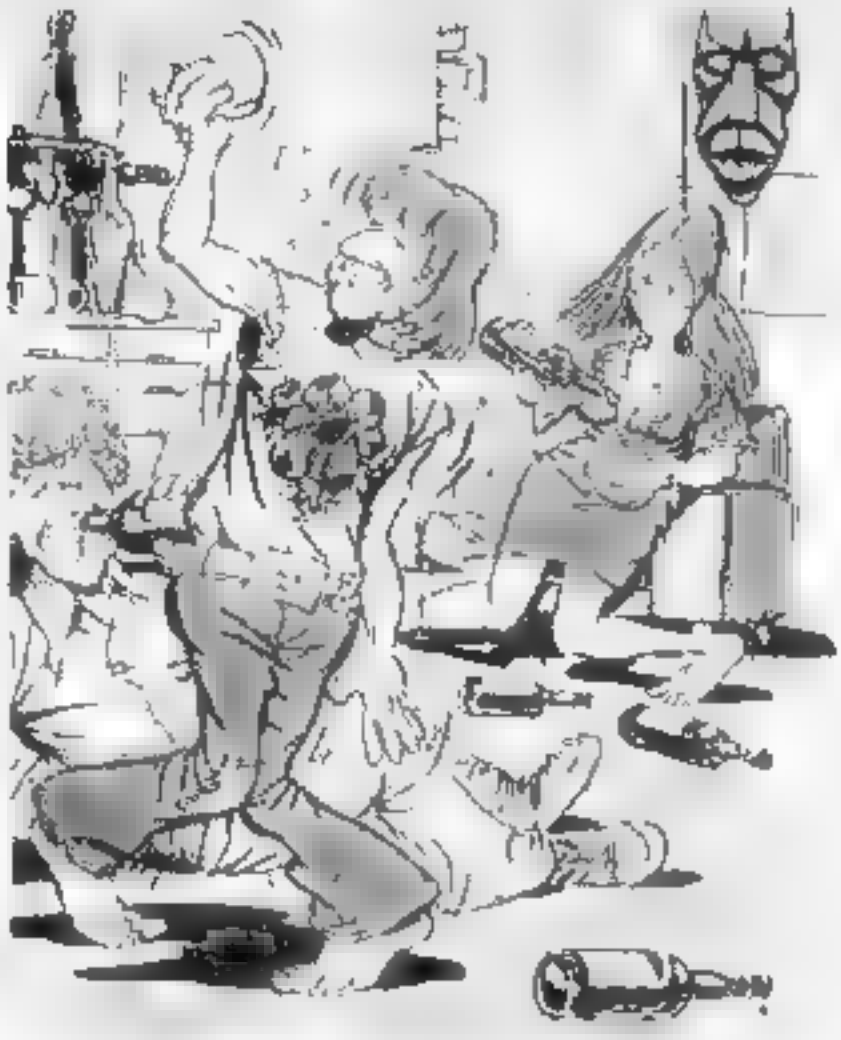
In the 20's, students listened to jazz, wore raccoon coats and drove Hupmobiles.

In the 70's, student nostalgia buffs are listening to jazz, buying funky raccoon coats in rummage shops and driving around in carefully restored, vintage Hupmobiles.

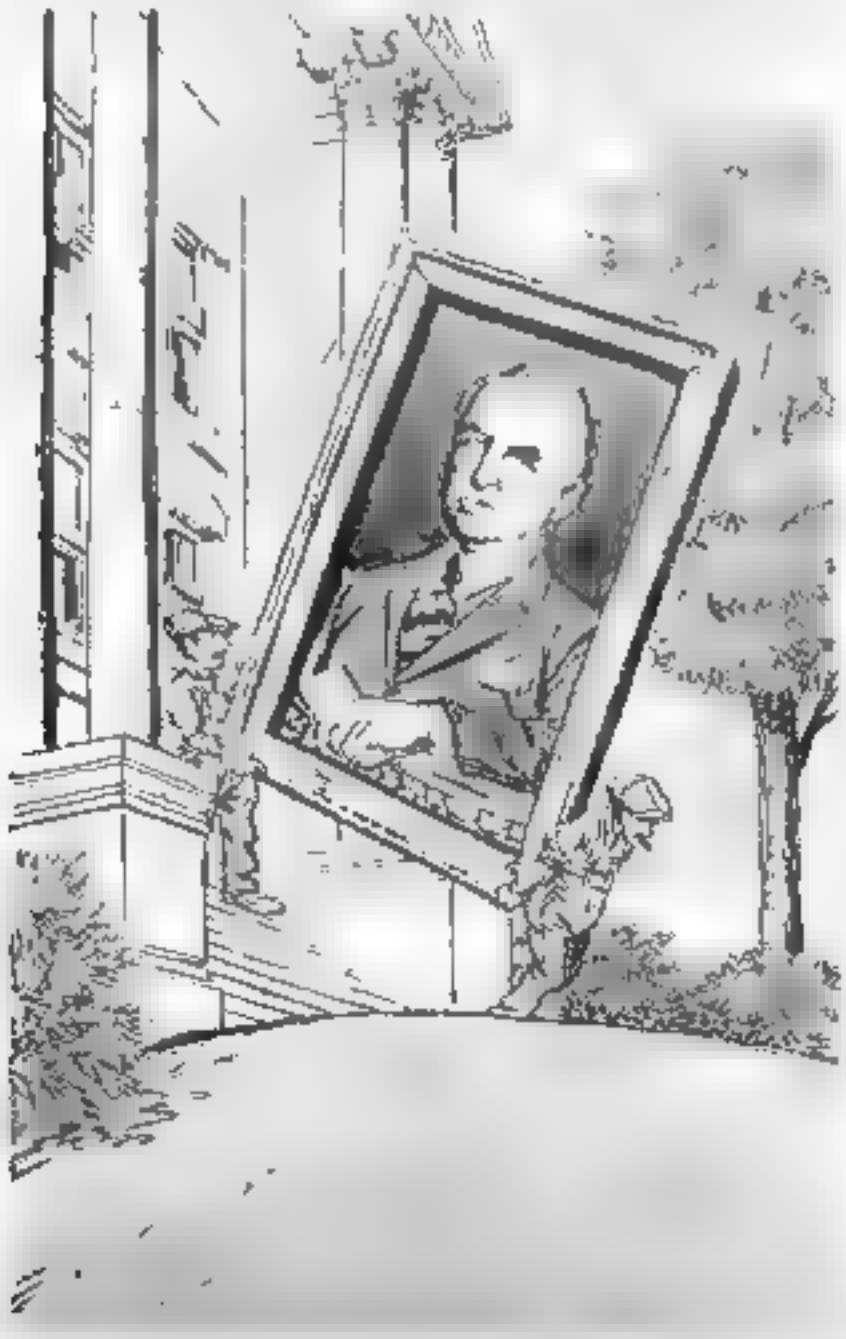


In the 20's, everyone on campus was getting drunk on booze, while a big Depression was lurking right around the corner.

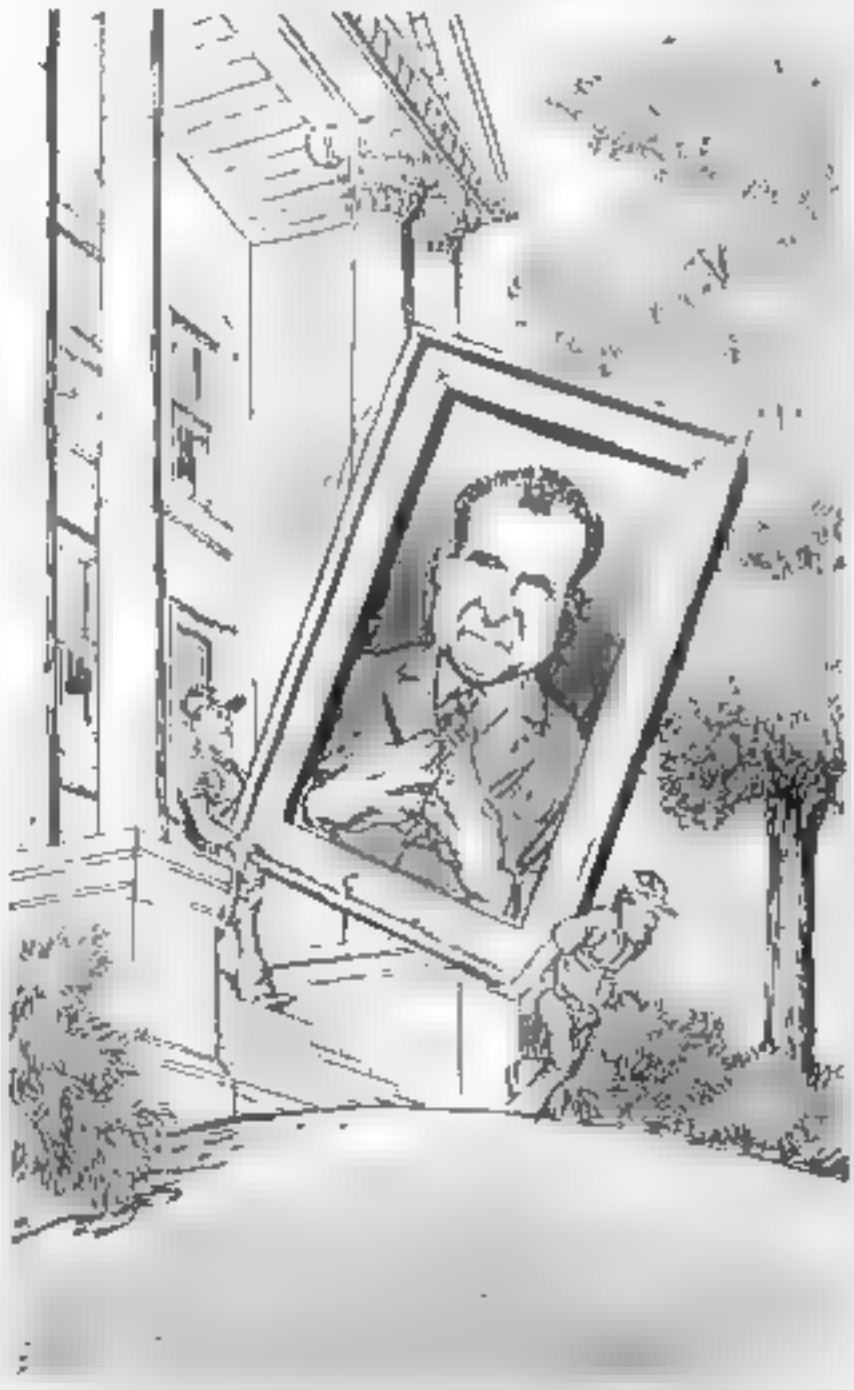
In the 70's, now that pot is just about out, everyone is getting drunk on booze, while another Depression's on the horizon.



In the 20's, a joker by the name of Warren G. Harding left office very suddenly in the wake of a terrible White House scandal.



In the 70's, the very same thing happened to a joker named Richard Milhous Nixon.

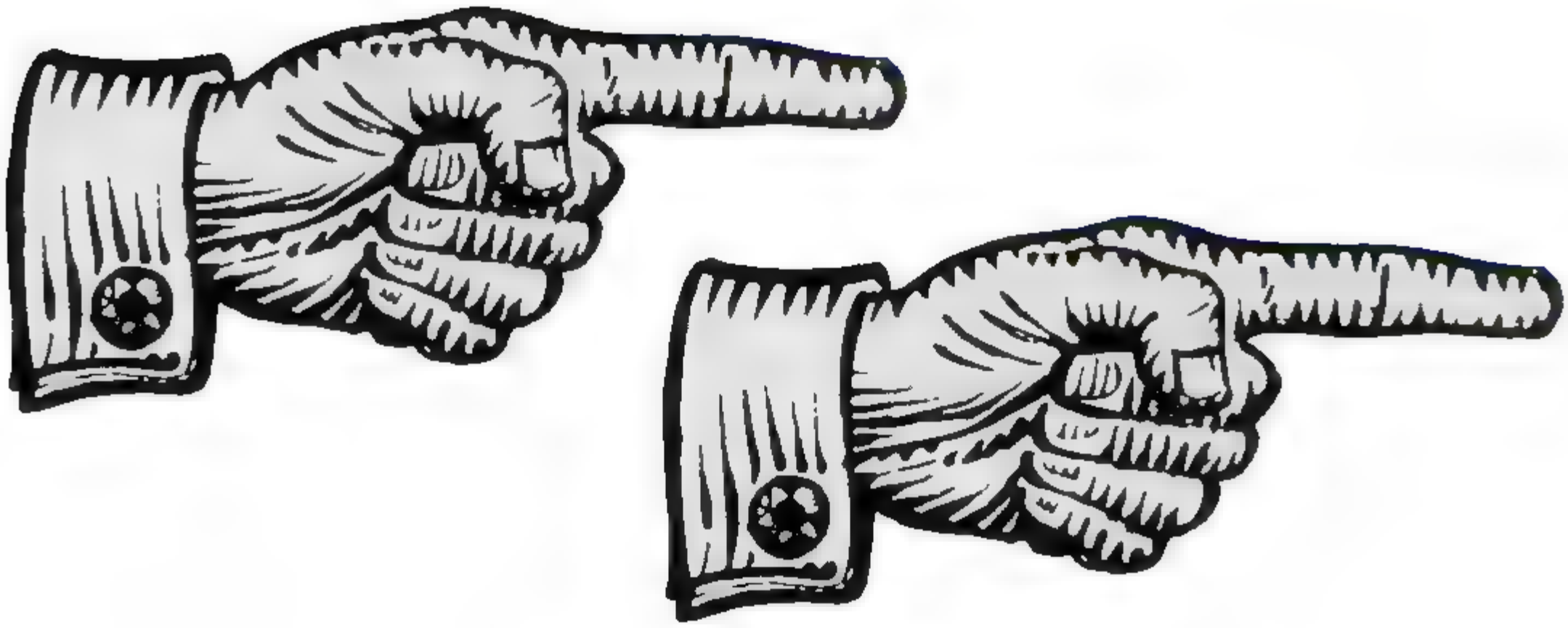


Well, on second thought, we guess things haven't changed *that* much . . . But wait a minute, in the middle 1920's when Calvin Coolidge replaced Warren Harding as President, we had a full-fledged clown in the White House. Whereas today our President is . . .

Hmmmm . . . Come to think of it, things didn't really change at all!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.

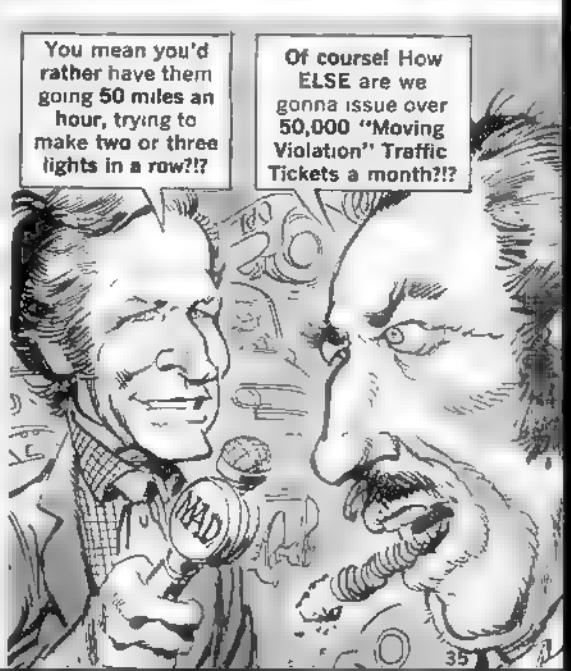


THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS DEPT.

Hi! I'm **John Linzey!** A **vote** was taken, and I won the **job** . . . which may be the **worst thing for my career** since becoming **Mayor of New York** . . . but I've stupidly accepted this magazine's assignment to interview **Mr. Charles Snaffeau** who's been named as . . .

MAD'S "TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER" OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



How come that man is taking down that "NO PARKING" sign?

That's part of our new "Clarification Program"! We'll be replacing all the old "No Parking" signs with these!

How in the world does a sign that confusing fit in with a so-called "Clarification Program"?

Well, it was very CLEAR to us that we weren't issuing enough "Standing Violation" Traffic Tickets! So these just might do it!

NO PARKING 9AM TO 9PM AND 9PM TO 9AM WEEK-ENDS AND NON-WEEK-ENDS

NO PARKING

I see part of the problem on this street is the Telephone Company is digging it up! Are you doing anything about that?

Definitely! We told the Phone Company they must have that hole filled in and paved over by the end of the month!

And then the traffic problem will be eased?

No . . . then the Electric Company will come in and dig it all up for their work!

It seems like every street in this City is torn up for some reason!

That's not true! There's not one hole dug in Elm Street, and Town Road is free of any construction!

That's good! By the way, Commissioner, where do YOU live?

I live on Elm Street . . . and my office is on Town Road!

So these are the offices of the Traffic Department and the Bureau of Motor Vehicles!

Yes, but just the OFFICES of each! Which means that if you want to get a Driver's License, you come here! But if you want to get a license for your car, you have to go UPTOWN! And if you want to pay a Traffic Ticket, you have to go DOWNTOWN!

That's very confusing, isn't it?

Not really! Actually, we have the whole thing outlined in a brochure!

Oh? Could I have a copy?

The brochure is only given away at the Traffic Dept. Printing Office . . . CROSSTOWN!!

Suppose we look in some offices! For example . . this door says, "Creative Sign-Making"! What goes on in here?

Sorry, but that's not open to the public!

How do you like my entry in this month's "Confusing Traffic Sign Contest"? It's a "Do Not Enter" sign with a flashing green light on it!

I don't think it stands a chance against mine!

CREATIVE SIGN MAKING

DO NOT ENTER

ONE WAY

I see that this is the room where the guys who give Driving Tests relax by watching movies!

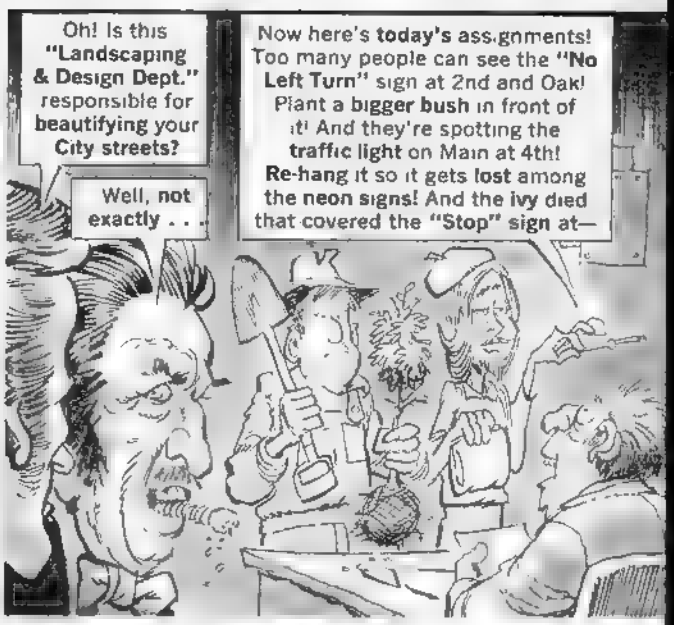
Yes! We show them endless shots of traffic jams so they'll realize that every time they let someone pass and get a license, it makes it that much harder on them and their families to drive on our streets and to park!

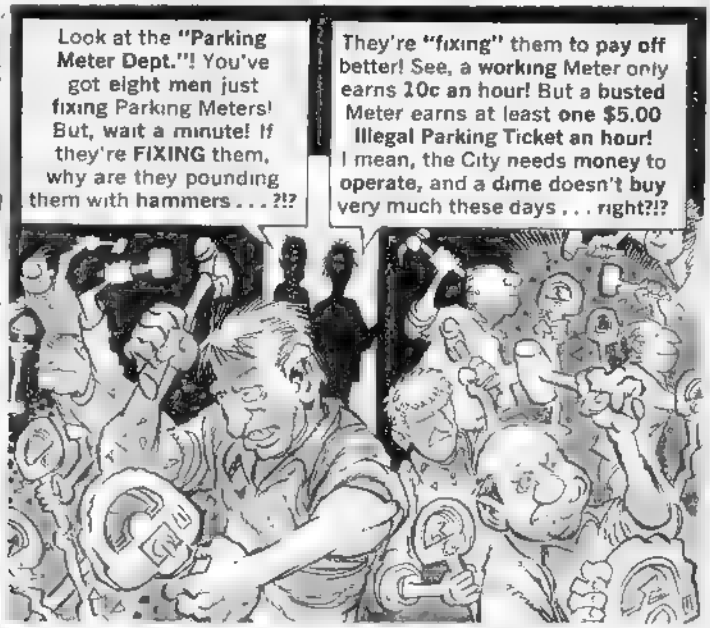
No wonder I had to take my Driver's Test twice!

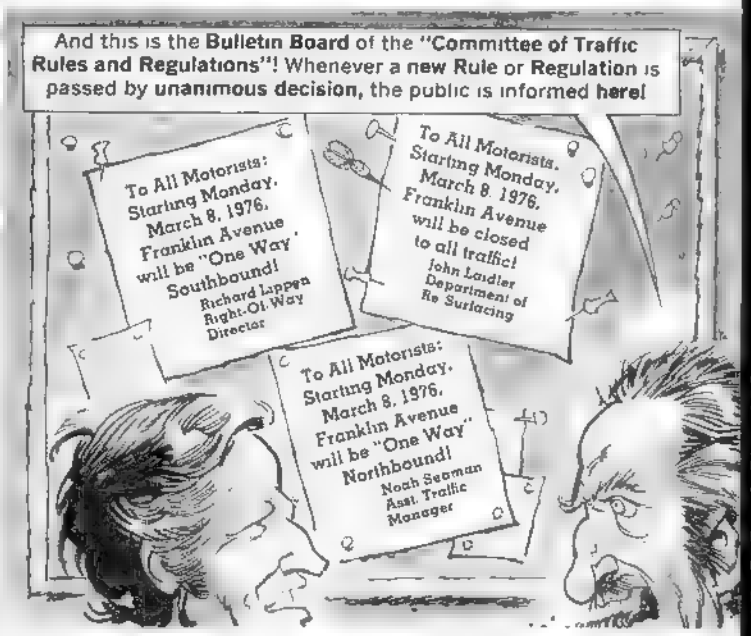
Only twice?!? Must've been before we put up this sign!

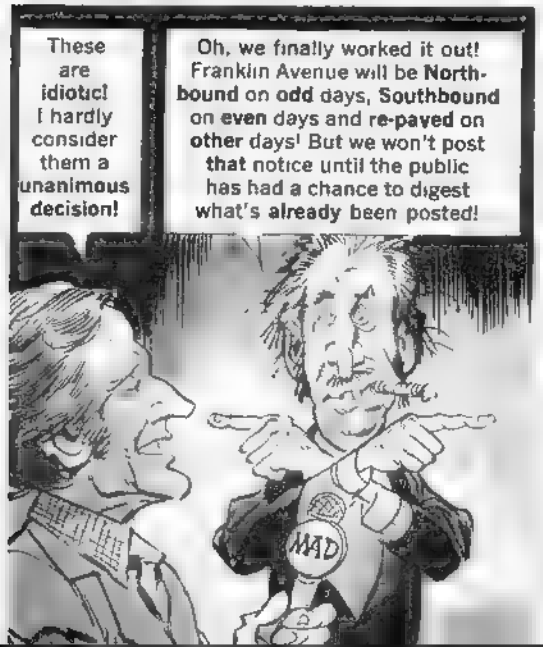
THE CAR THAT CRASHES INTO YOU WILL PROBABLY BE DRIVEN BY SOMEONE YOU GAVE A LICENSE TO!

I see you have some of the new "Picture Regulatory Road Signs" posted here!
No right turn!
No left turn!
No trucks!
No "U" turn!
Say! What's THIS one? I never saw THIS before! What do these signs forbid . . ?
Oh, we just put them up around town and let the Arresting Officer decide what should be forbidden at the time!


Oh! Is this "Landscaping & Design Dept." responsible for beautifying your City streets?
Well, not exactly . . .
Now here's today's assignments! Too many people can see the "No Left Turn" sign at 2nd and Oak! Plant a bigger bush in front of it! And they're spotting the traffic light on Main at 4th! Re-hang it so it gets lost among the neon signs! And the ivy died that covered the "Stop" sign at—


Look at the "Parking Meter Dept."! You've got eight men just fixing Parking Meters! But, wait a minute! If they're FIXING them, why are they pounding them with hammers . . . ?!?
They're "fixing" them to pay off better! See, a working Meter only earns 10c an hour! But a busted Meter earns at least one $5.00 Illegal Parking Ticket an hour! I mean, the City needs money to operate, and a dime doesn't buy very much these days . . . right?!?


And this is the Bulletin Board of the "Committee of Traffic Rules and Regulations"! Whenever a new Rule or Regulation is passed by unanimous decision, the public is informed here!
To All Motorists: Starting Monday, March 8, 1976, Franklin Avenue will be "One Way" Southbound! Richard Lappen Right-Of-Way Director
To All Motorists: Starting Monday, March 8, 1976, Franklin Avenue will be closed to all traffic! John Laidler Department of Re-Surfacing
To All Motorists: Starting Monday, March 8, 1976, Franklin Avenue will be "One Way" Northbound! Noah Seaman Asst. Traffic Manager

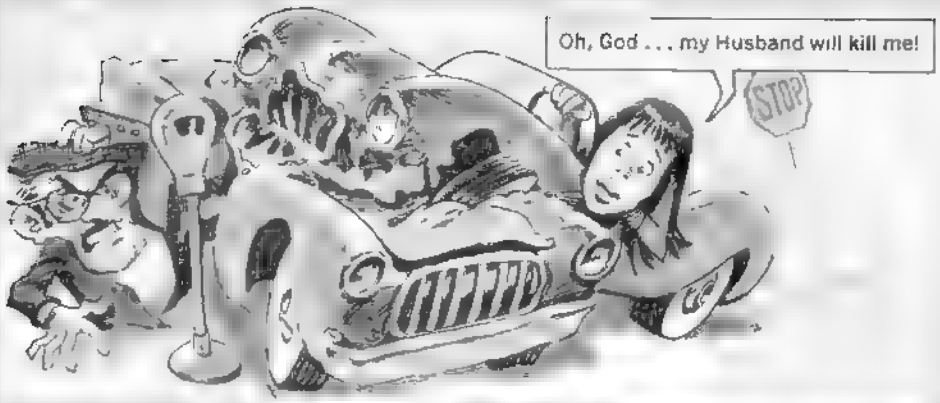

These are idiotic! I hardly consider them a unanimous decision!
Oh, we finally worked it out! Franklin Avenue will be Northbound on odd days, Southbound on even days and re-paved on other days! But we won't post that notice until the public has had a chance to digest what's already been posted!
MAD

I must say, Mr. Snaffeau, that with you as Traffic Commissioner, it's a miracle that traffic moves at all! Excuse me for saying this, Sir, but your Department is even more screwed up than the traffic!
That, my good man, is going to cost you a $25 fine!!
What happened to Freedom of Speech?
It WENT OUT when I put up that sign!
This is John Linzey for MAD Magazine!
MAD

PITY LARCENY DEPT.

It's not that we at MAD don't have any compassion. We do! For example, we feel sorry for YOU . . . 'cause you just wasted 50¢ on this magazine. But we really can't feel sorry for all those *other* people who keep trying to *make us* feel sorry for them! It just doesn't work . . . and we're sure you'll agree as you study

A MAD GALLERY OF PEOPLE IT'S HARD T



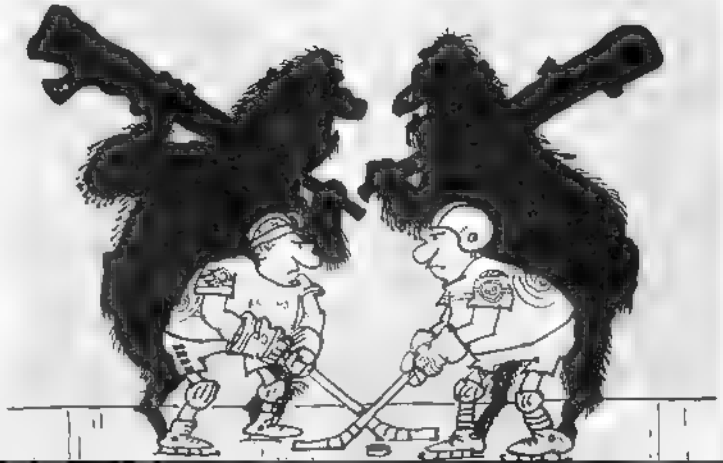
O FEEL SORRY FOR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

Who Knows What Evils Lurk In

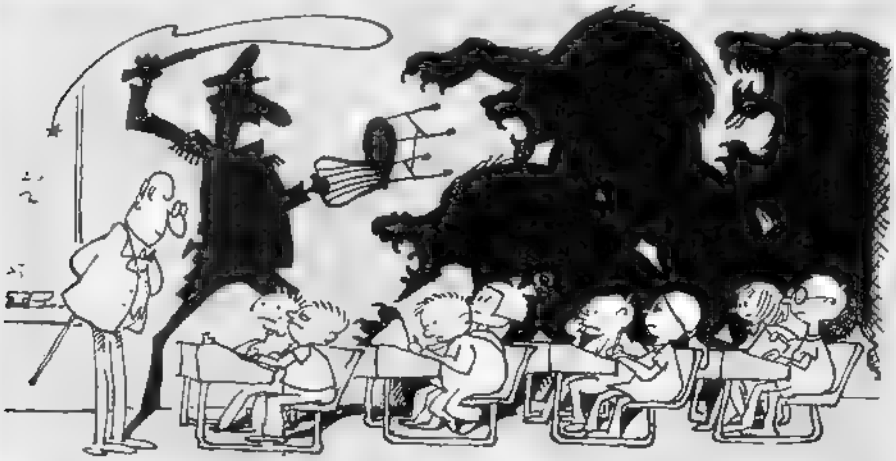
THE SHADOW



The Hearts Of Men?

KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES



VOTE
VOTE

Aragonés

DYN-O-MITE SCHTICK DEPT.

About five years ago, "All In The Family" came along, and a new TV trend was established: The "Reality Situation Comedy." And it worked like this: you get a family together, have them scream a lot and expose their personal problems and show them suffering, and the public will laugh themselves sick. Well, not long after, somebody came up with another startling discovery: namely, that America finds only one thing more enjoyable than laughing at a White family's misery . . . and that's laughing at a BLACK family's misery. And so, since it was too late to bring back Slavery, the "Black Sitcom" was born. And the way it succeeded was to be on the Number-One Network, to be a spin-off from a popular "White Sitcom," and to have a

GOOD TIME-SLOT

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

How do they make a down-to-earth realistic series about life in a Black high-rise ghetto? They send out a camera crew and it plunges into the dirt and filth, and it takes plenty of location shots of depressed Black neighborhoods in Chicago

. . . and then they tape the show in a White neighborhood back in Hollywood . . . because if you think the White Producers of this show are gonna take a chance on getting mugged in some depressed Black Ghetto neighborhood in Chicago, you're crazy!

And all along, you thought I was a bum!
Right! Now, I know it!
Well, I guess it's time for the part of the show where we head for the bedroom and turn on the people who love to see unsexy, middle-aged folks messin' around!
The bedroom . . . AGAIN!? That's the 10th time in 12 hours! Besides, it's three in the afternoon, and I'm just not in the mood!
Look, Baby! You KNOW what we're trying to do in this show! We're trying to show there's love in this house! That not ALL Black Husbands desert their families!
Jaimes, honey, would you do me a favor?
Sure, Baby! Anything!
Why don't you desert your family sometime . . . like them OTHER Black Husbands do?!
The doorbell . . . NOW?!? Oh, God!!
The doorbell now! THANK GOD!!
12th ROUND DRAFT CHOICE
Well, it's my life-long sexy friend, Mahroan—who happens to live in our building, and who is, for some weird reason, still unattached! What vital news do you have for us today which will advance the plot-line of this week's show . . . ?
I just want to say it's supposed to rain on Thursday!
That's . . . that's IT!?!
No! Now, I'm gonna shake everything I've got for a minute or so . . . and then leave! And THAT will take care of the REAL sexual excitement the people out there want!
I can't get over it, Mahroan! Who in the audience will believe that you . . . who looks like Colorado's DAUGHTER . . . could really be her OLD FRIEND?
Why, the same people who'll believe that, after all my visits here, a big healthy stud like you hasn't attacked me yet!
Hi, kids! Did anything interesting happen in school today?
Something sure did, Mama . . .
Tell us all about it in that adorable Black slang that our White audience has grown to love, Selma!
Okay! Here goes! I was combin' my 'Fro when this jive-turkey comes up to me and says, "Hey, foxy mama, we gotta get it down!" So I says to him, "Get lost, schmuck!"
Selma, this is a realistic Black show about real Black people! Since when do we use the word "schmuck"?
I guess our White Jewish writers get carried away sometimes!

And what about our **Black Militant son?** How did you do in school today, Micro?

Not so hot! I **flunked "Show and Tell"!**

What?! How can **anybody flunk "Show and Tell"?**

Easy! My Honky History Teacher asked me who the **"Father of our Country"** was! So I **SHOWED** him my fist an' **TOLD** him it was **Malcolm X!**

Ha—ha—ha . . . Oh, ain't he just the **Dickens,** Jaimes?

Ha—ha—ha . . . Oh, he **sure is!**

Ha—ha—ha . . . Can't you hug him to **pieces?**

Ha—ha—ha . . . I **sure can!** But first I'm gonna **whup his tail!**

Gee, Daddy! How come you're **always whuppin' our tails?**

Don't you **see,** Micro? It's because I **love** you and **care** about you and what you're gonna **become** in this world! I'm trying to show you and the audience that not **ALL** Black Fathers desert their families!

Daddy, could I **ask** you something?

Sure, Micro! What is it?

Why don't you **desert** your family sometimes . . . like them **OTHER** Black Fathers do?!

Wait a minute, Jaimes! **Stop** that! Something **terrible** has just happened!

It's **about time!** The episode is **half over,** and if we're not in **big trouble soon,** the audience is gonna get **mighty restless!** What **happened . . .** and it better be **really bad!**

The **Landlord** called to say that since we didn't pay our **rent,** he's gonna toss us all into the **street!**

Man, that's **great!** It'll shoot our ratings **sky high!** The **Black audience** can **really identify** with **poor slobs** at the mercy of cruel, **ruthless Landlords!**

But what about the **WHITE** audience?

They can identify with the **LANDLORD!**

The Landlord is sending his **men** up any minute to **DISPOSSESS** us! What are we going to **DO,** Jaimes?

Look, we've been through these things **before** and we've always **pulled through** somehow! I'm sure when those men see what **nice, sincere, hard-working decent people,** we are, they're **BOUND** to give us a break!

You're **right!** We **ARE** nice, sincere people!

And we've got **something ELSE** that'll impress them! **Good-looking, intelligent kids!** So stop worrying, Colorado . . . !

Have no fear— **BLACK BEAUTY** is here!!

Oh, Lord! I **forgot** about **HIM!** Start worrying, Colorado!

GeeGee, I gotta talk to you before you go into your routine!

Be right with you, Dad! But first, big adorable me is going into two minutes of my regular weekly moronic "cute"!

First, I begin with my "Loosey-Goosey WALK"!

It's too late to talk to him, Jaimes! The show is ON!

Then, I segue into my screamingly funny "hat" routine, which always wows them at family picnics, New Year's Eve parties, and dull funerals!

GeeGee, stop jiving around! We are in big trouble!

And lastly, I charm you with a smile which, in sheer haunting beauty, closely resembles a constipated Black dinosaur in heat!

I ask you . . . is it any wonder that all America adores me?!?

GeeGee, listen to me! The family is in probably its worst crisis ever! We haven't paid our rent, and the Landlord is sending up his men to throw us out on the street, where we may freeze . . . and possibly starve to death!

Oh, Man, that's tough! And now, if I may, I'd like to offer my mature, carefully-thought-out observation on our new and dire predicament!

I—I wish you would, Son! What is it . . . ?

It's just this . . .

DYN-O-MITE!!

SPLAT

Jaimes! Look at the room shake! What is that? An earthquake?

No, that's a hundred million Americans rolling on the floor with laughter the way they do whenever he says that! Which proves the old theory that the average American TV Viewer has the mentality of a 12-year-old!

Daddy, I'M a 12-year-old, and I'M not laughing!

Good Lord, it's gone down to 11 . . .

Hey, Edmonds! Open up! The Landlord sent us! We got some bad news, some good news, and some more bad news! The first bad news is: We're throwing you out onto the street . . .

We'll freeze to death . . . !

Then we'll BROIL to death . . . !

Now for the GOOD news! You CAN'T freeze to death! It's 98° out there!

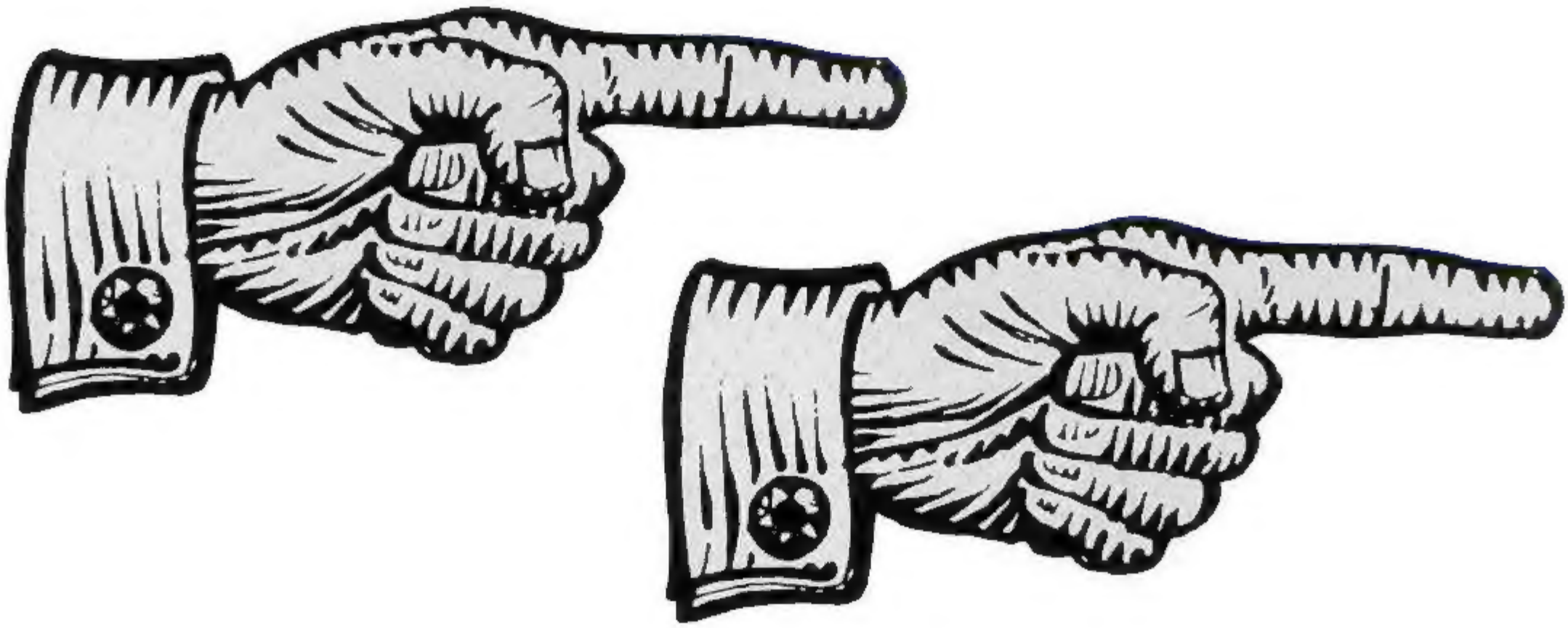
Right! THAT's the other bad news!

Hey, give us a break! We're poor and simple down-to earth Black folks . . . just trying to make ends meet!
We'll raise the money somehow! Please give us a little more time—that's all!
Open the door and we'll discuss it!
Look, we still got a fighting chance! We gotta show them how troubled and desperate we are, and play on their sympathies! Which means no clowning around! GeeGee, do you think that once in your life you can act like a dignified human being instead of something out of a dumb cartoon?
Oh, Man, I resent that! Sure I jive around with the family! But do you think in a life-and-death situation like this I wouldn't know how to handle myself? With the whole future of my family at stake, do you think I'd be so stupid and insensitive that I'd act like somebody out of a dumb cartoon?!?
Forgive me, Son! Now, open the door!
Eeeee . . . ahhh . . . What's up, Doc?!? munch-munch-munch
Monte, start movin' the furniture out!
Man, I've had it with you, GeeGee! There's no way you can act serious! You got about as much dignity as one of them contestants on "Let's Make A Deal"!
Gi'me a break, Dad! This is just a phase I'm goin' through! I'll outgrow it!
Not if you grow to be twelve feet tall, which gives you only about five more inches to go! But you know what you really have to worry about? It's one thing to be a silly, immature TEENAGE clown! But what happens when you grow up to be a silly, immature MIDDLE-AGED clown?!?
I'll TELL you what happens!! You get your own TV show . . . you make millions . . . and you know who supports you? Silly, immature clowns who watch TELEVISION!
RED FOXXY!! What are YOU doing here?!?
Man, I OWN this building—and half the Real Estate in this COUNTRY!
Stay dumb jus' like you are, Baby, an' you're not only gonna have your own show, but you're gonna own the REST of the country!
DYN -O- MITE!
Jaimes, THAT's not an earth-quake this time, is it?
No, Colorado! That's just millions of Americans LAUGHING again! GeeGee just said the SECRET WORD!
Daddy, remember when you said the mentality of the average TV viewer was down to 11 years old . . . ?
I remember, Micro!
Well, this is my friend, LEROY! HE's 11 . . . and he's not laughing!

LATE ONE AFTERNOON IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



IN WHAT IMPORTANT BOWL GAME ARE THERE NOTHING BUT LOSERS?

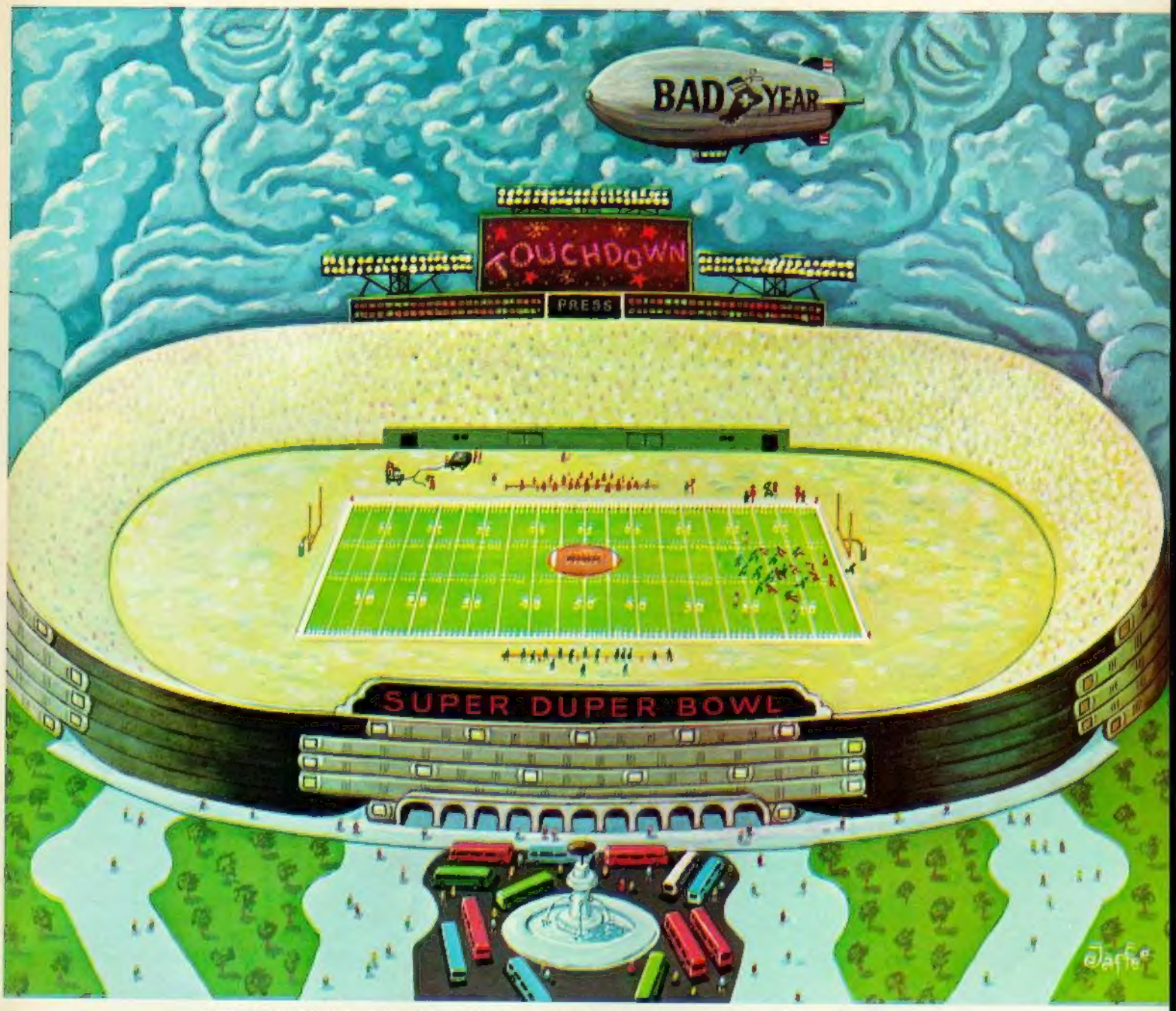
HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

We are all familiar with the major bowl games, and we also know that in each, there are always winners as well as losers. But there is one important bowl game in which there are nothing but losers. To find out which bowl game we mean, fold in page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE EMPHASIS PLACED UPON "WINNING" IS AN EVIL NECESSITY FOOTBALL DEMANDS. BUT LET US ALSO REMEMBER THE SAD BACKWARD ARENAS WHERE MORE DESPERATE PLAYERS PROWL

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

IN WHAT IMPORTANT BOWL GAME ARE THERE NOTHING BUT LOSERS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

THE EMPTY FOOD BOWL

A▶◀B

ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER
I WANT, TOO